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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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**1918 --- Canada's Forgotten Riots**

By John Fairfax

**The Dilemma of American Criticism**

By Dr. Charles I. Glicksberg

**The Economics of Mr. Aberhart**

By J. F. Parkinson

**Italian Art in Paris**

**On the Way to Asia**

**American Journey**

**The Weather Glass**

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## BACK TO BIG BUSINESS NORMALCY

**T**HE election results of October 14 have only one meaning. Our big business interests are once more in control of affairs. The challenge to their domination of government has once more been beaten off, and they can now enjoy, in Rooseveltian language, a breathing spell. That this is what a Liberal regime under Mr. King really means can be deduced from all sorts of significant indications.

In the first place there is the long windy mass of rhetoric which the Prime Minister-to-be issued when the election returns were in. In the midst of all the cant about distinguishing between spiritual and material values and about sharing each other's burdens there is one sentence in that statement which stands out and deserves to be borne in mind: "It (the result) is a direct response to the Liberal protest against endless and dangerous experimentation in matters of government." In other words, Mr. King is going to sit still and no experimenting in New Deals—and this is exactly what our business magnates want him to do.

A similar conclusion arises from the statements of Mr. Taschereau. Remember that the largest Liberal contingent in the new parliament comes from Mr. Taschereau's machine. When the eight provincial Prime Ministers were giving their little radio speeches for Mr. King's Toronto meeting, Mr. Taschereau spoke as follows: "Mr. Bennett cannot be trusted because after being considered a safe man at the beginning of his career, when he seemed inclined to maintain the best political and social traditions of Canada, and to retain the elements which had made the country great and prosperous, he tore those leaves from the book of his political life and, unfaithful to his past, launched into a Socialistic venture bordering on Communism." The best political and social traditions of Canada to which Mr. Taschereau here refers are obviously the high tariff and the iron heel; while the socialistic venture bordering on communism consisted of some mild social reform legislation which went about one-third as far as an English government of Mr. Taschereau's own Liberal party had already gone in the years from 1906 to 1913. Mr. Taschereau's words give eloquent testimony as to the state of mind of the so-called Liberals of Quebec. And since Mr. King has often explained that a leader must not get ahead of his followers, we may take it for granted that those radi-

cal opinions of his, which he told a Western audience were deep down in his heart, will continue to stay deep down in his heart. That, as a matter of fact, is where they stayed during all the years from 1921 to 1930. In the case of a Prime Minister the only radical opinions that matter are those which emerge from deep down in his heart and become embedded in the statute book.

**T**HE Montreal Gazette agrees with our estimate of the significance of the Liberal victory. On October 16th it said: "The victory on Monday was a victory for moderate thought throughout Canada. It was a conservative victory in the sense that it was a sweeping repudiation of radicalism and of radical tendencies wherever they had appeared." It takes a regular reader of the Gazette who is familiar with what it considers to be "moderate thought" to appreciate the full flavour of this comment of the organ of St. James Street, but an ordinarily literate citizen can understand the direction in which the statement points.

The chief Liberal newspaper is, of course, the Winnipeg Free Press. Its whole presentation of the Liberal case during the election shows that it, too, expects that there is to be no more interference with business. Every day for the past two months it has been shrieking against regimentation (of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and of Canada Packers) and for liberty (of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and of Canada Packers).

But the best proof of all that a Liberal government means a big business government is provided by the action of the Stock Exchange during the first few days after the election. The remarkable rise in prices showed that our business community now takes it for granted that they will be left free to seek profits in their own way. And they ought to know. For it was they who provided the campaign funds by which Mr. King was elected.

## ALBERTA ECONOMICS

**I**T is probably useless to argue with those enthusiasts who think that the root of our troubles is in the monetary system and that we can usher in a new social order by the simple expedient of printing and distributing some new monetary tokens. Like Mr. Aberhart himself most of these people are simply applying to the mysteries of finance the same mixture of crude dogmatism and millennial mysticism which a few years ago, as members of some funda-

mentalist sect, they were applying to the mysteries of man's place in the universe.

But there is one aspect of the situation of Alberta which Mr. Aberhart and his disciples tend to neglect altogether. They make much of the great natural resources of the province which in their scheme are to serve as the basis for new issues of credit. But they fail to consider that these resources are of a very specialized kind. Alberta can produce wheat, meat, dairy products and coal in quantities far beyond the capacity of her population to consume them. But for many other necessities of life she is dependent upon imports and must remain so, which means that she is dependent upon her ability to sell wheat and such products abroad in order to pay for these imports. No sleight of hand work with social credit certificates inside the provincial boundaries can affect the exchange value of her wheat in world markets. And if the world doesn't happen to want Alberta wheat except at a price which is not remunerative to Alberta farmers, all Mr. Aberhart's calculations about the astronomical figures at which the natural resources of the province should be estimated become meaningless. The real income of the people of the province, as distinct from the paper tokens in which it may be reckoned, depends upon its ability to export, and that depends not upon Mr. Aberhart but upon the rest of the world.

In this respect Canada is only Alberta writ large. Our equipment of boundless natural resources which has been the theme of our orators for the last generation is actually a very limited and very one-sided equipment. We simply cannot utilize a large part of the resources of our agricultural land or of the minerals of our pre-cambrian shield unless the outside world will buy our food and mineral products. For nature has gifted us with the capacity to produce far more of these than our population can consume even at the highest imaginable standard of living. In addition to this we have sunk millions in capital equipment which will be largely wasted unless this equipment can be profitably used for export trade. Our transcontinental railways, our harbours and grain elevators are examples. To talk as if we could restore prosperity by mere readjustments in our internal markets or by some new technique in manufacturing paper money is madness.

In this recent election the Liberals were at a great advantage because they expounded this point very clearly; and Aberharians and Stevensites, as well as too many of the C.C.F. spokesmen, were easily convicted of neglecting it. The Winnipeg Free Press had a splendid time in convicting Western spokesmen of these minority groups of talking nonsense about getting on without foreign trade, though one must add that it was completely unscrupulous in distorting the perfectly sound remarks of Mr. Woodsworth on the subject. The socialist programme does not involve an abandonment of foreign trade, but it does involve a control of our whole economy, including foreign trade, so that the dislocations which result from violent oscillations of demand and prices in the foreign market may be as far as possible avoided, or at least so that the burden of suffering which results from them may be evened out over the whole community.

## CANADA AND ITALY: A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY

THOSE Canadians who are indulging in a high moral indignation at Italy's aggressive policy in Abyssinia should be reminded of a little incident in the not very remote past. Italy's economic imperialism which so outrages the moral sense of us Anglo-Saxons is due fundamentally to her need for raw materials and markets as a basis for economic security for her population. Unless the League of Nations can help peaceably to solve this international problem of an equitable distribution of the natural resources which make a high standard of living possible, then those nations which feel that they are suffering unduly will try to solve it by force—which is just what Italy has been doing in these recent months.

This very problem was presented to the League at its first Assembly in 1921. The Italian delegation, relying upon Article 23 of the Covenant, brought up the question of the distribution and control of raw materials among the member states of the League and proposed that a Commission should be set up to investigate the matter. This led to a considerable dispute in which the opposition to the Italian proposal was led by Canada. Mr. N. W. Rowell declared that the League should stick to its primary purposes and should not seek to promote proposals such as this one which were outside the scope of the Covenant. In very blunt terms he announced that neither Canada nor the United States would consider any outside interference with their control of their own raw materials. This was a domestic matter which lay outside the range of the League's authority. To this intransigent expression of nationalism Signor Tittoni replied: "In my opinion, on the solution of this economic question depends the future of peace or war . . . All kinds of barriers have been raised up between states from an economic standpoint since the war, and if these barriers are maintained and increased they will inevitably lead to tremendous economic war, and eventually to war itself . . . I appeal to those powers who are the fortunate possessors of raw materials, to those powers who are rich, not to wait for the request from the poorer powers, but to come before this Assembly and say that they will waive their national interests and national egoisms in the general interests of humanity, justice and equality." The appeal fell upon deaf ears. The League never did expand its outlook so as to deal with these underlying economic causes of war. And as an inevitable result Signor Mussolini is now repeating that Italian appeal in somewhat different tones.

The sad thing about this little story is that Mr. Rowell is by all odds the best informed and the most intelligent of all the Canadian public men who have had any responsibility for our foreign policy since 1918. He was then and still is, an enthusiastic believer in the principle of the League. But his outlook on international relations showed the typical limitations of Anglo-Saxon liberalism in our time. The League's international functions were to be purely political in the narrow sense of that word. Both in internal and in international questions Liberals refuse to pay any attention to the underlying economic causes of our political difficulties. And so the world drifts towards another attempt to solve these problems by force.

## Canada and War

ON November 7, 1916, Woodrow Wilson was re-elected to the presidency of the United States on the cry, "He Kept Us Out of War." On April 6, 1917, just five months later, the Congress which had been elected at the same time voted the United States into war with Germany. Opinion in November was so strong against getting involved in the European massacre that the Republicans had to adopt the same peace attitude as the Democrats. Yet, in spite of the memorable struggle of a small handful led by Senator Lafollette, the nation was swept into war under the leadership of its peaceful President. Today, in October 1935, we are witnessing in Canada a similarly emphatic public opinion against our being entangled in European war, so emphatic that all our political leaders are playing up to it. A few highly respectable citizens (mostly members of the League of Nations Society) would like to drag us at the heels of the British Government into whatever war its sudden solicitude for collective sanctions may produce. But there is no doubt that the ordinary Canadian citizen wants to stay at peace. What will our government be doing five months after this election?

Canadians who are interested in studying the way in which a government and people get themselves entangled unwittingly in a war situation should read Mr. Walter Millis's recent book, "Road to War." It is a brilliant study of the process by which the United States, having originally decided to be neutral, eventually plunged into the war to make the world safe for democracy. He works out in great detail how, step by step, the Americans involved themselves in the Anglo-French cause until their neutrality had become completely unreal. One of the points which he emphasizes is the quality of the newspaper services which the American public received from 1914 to 1917. From August 1914 they received, on the whole, only news and interpretation in their dailies which gave the Entente side of the case. They had a picture in their minds which made any decision save that of intervening on the side of the Entente more and more impossible. Our newspapers are serving us in the same way today. The ordinary Canadian reader, who is almost completely dependent upon his local daily for the picture which is forming in his mind about the current issues in Europe, is already building up a British interpretation of events which will make it very difficult for him to resist any pressing invitation for Canadian help in a crisis. When the moment comes he will be as helpless in the sweep of emotion as were the majority of Americans in April, 1917. For the ordinary Canadian starts with a bias in favour of Britain which makes it almost impossible even in quiet periods for him to realize that the present British government is pursuing a power policy which is exactly like the policy of every other great capitalist state.

SINCE 1931 the British government has steadily followed a short-sighted balance of power policy. It is tragic that simple-minded Canadian colonials should now persuade themselves that in supporting Britain they are backing up a policy of collective security. In the Sino-Japanese affair the British

government prevented the collective system from functioning against Japan until it was too late to accomplish anything, mainly because British imperialism in the Far East is in such a precarious position that they did not feel it safe to risk antagonizing Japan. Having weakened the League in this way, perhaps fatally, they are now making a great play of League sanctions against Italy because Mussolini's ambitions in the Eastern Mediterranean and Red Sea area threaten the British imperialist domination of that part of the world; and that part of the world is of vital importance to British capitalist imperialism because it forms the essential link in communications with India and the Far East. So they are working the appeal of League idealism for all it is worth. France similarly always becomes a great enthusiast for League sanctions whenever it is a question of keeping Germany in what France thinks is her proper place.

The League, that is, is used by Britain and France as an instrument to defend the happy position of dominance in Europe and the world which they achieved (with considerable help from North America) in the last war. If this is all that the collective system amounts to, it merely postpones another great world war until the dissatisfied powers can collect enough military power among themselves to feel safe in challenging the Anglo-French position.

If the League is to be an effective force in banishing war from our civilisation it must provide some machinery by which those peoples who do not enjoy an equitable share of economic opportunities can have their grievances remedied by international action. It is the impossibility of achieving a satisfactory standard of living for their citizens in the world as it is now organised that has driven Japan and Germany and Italy mad. The more fortunately situated nations must be prepared to make some concessions to them. But neither the French nor the British government has ever shown the slightest sign of being willing to make Article 19 of the Covenant a reality. As long as they maintain this attitude, the League becomes simply an instrument for tying up the preservation of peace with the maintenance of status quo. The true way to strengthen the League is not to turn it into an international war office, but to try to build up at Geneva the machinery for international economic planning. As long as the powers who practically control the League (i.e., Britain and France) show no signs of taking any steps in this direction, Canada should beware of getting entangled in the sanctions side of League machinery. If we undertake economic sanctions, it should be with the distinct announcement that we are not going to follow them up by military sanctions. But it is extremely difficult to separate the two, and all the efforts of British propaganda will be directed towards pushing us into a League war should Britain herself push the cause against Italy to the point of military sanctions.

OUR trade unionists are apparently letting themselves get worked up into an hysteria about fascism and nazism which bids fair to send them off on a crusade to shoot down Italian and German workers in the belief that by so doing they are

attacking the fascist or nazi system. The English trade union world seems to have gone mad in the same way. Have they all forgotten how recently they and their fellows were in khaki fighting "Kaiserism"? Surely the idea of curing the evils of a capitalist system in decline by having young

Canadian workers line up in one trench for the purpose of murdering young German workers who are lined up in another trench a hundred yards away is the most insane of all the insane ideas which are floating about in our contemporary world.

## PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

E. A. HAVELOCK

**W**HEN the smoke of the election conflict has blown away, it will reveal in the centre of the field the prostrate form of a true warrior.

Other parties and candidates might continue to run the contest on orthodox lines, fighting under such banners as Liberal or Conservative or Reconstructionist. But such party labels were not for him. He alone of all the federal candidates elected to run under the simple title of anti-Communist.

There are several reasons to commend this as a party label. These are critical times and political parties, in facing them, do not always show the best judgment. There is a constant temptation to drop old-line tactics, and dig up a real policy which requires an appeal to the voter's intelligence. This a dirty trick, and not quite fair to the voter himself. After all, it is the candidate who is expected to do the figuring, not his audience; that, presumably, is why members are paid salaries. The voter to do him justice, can usually be relied on to see this point and withhold his ballot from any party that shows signs of becoming coherent in public. C.C.F.-ers in particular fall down badly here. Moreover, in taxing other parties with a failure to grasp vital issues, they make the usual mistake of underestimating an opponent. It is not from themselves that old-line politicians seek to hide the issues at stake, but from the electorate. In this they practice the poet's art that conceals art, but do not otherwise resemble poets.

**E**LECTION appeals, then, should avoid the slightest taint of intelligence. The trouble in the past, however, has been that this narrows the scope of the candidate's appeal very much. True, it need not limit the effectiveness. His name and portrait, for example, not too recent, with his battle-cry—"Fifteen years of faithful service"—printed below it, and the whole thing tastefully insinuated into the newspaper among the announcements of local hair-dressers and ice cream parlours, always proves seductive, especially to housewives who are not very precise in their ideas and vote for him under the impression that they have always liked his fruit or hardware. But the device distinctly lacks color; candidate may try to fill the need by wearing a bow-tie or parting his hair in the middle, but it would never do to lean very heavily on facial distinction, or the Tories, at least, would be decimated.

This whole problem of elections has now been solved for us by the lone anti-Communist hero. He

won the distinction of electing a party label at once entirely colourful and entirely meaningless, and fighting under it. To do this requires both courage and intelligence. For example, there was no Communist candidate in his own constituency at all, remarkably few in the entire Dominion. Thus the opponent whom he had chosen to challenge turns out to have been merely hypothetical. Therefore he challenges him. What could be more appropriate to the spirit of a Canadian election? True, he ran in the capital city of the Dominion; true, also, that this city on election night harboured the person of the Prime Minister of the day; true, also, that the Prime Minister, as reported in the press, had warned Canada in an election speech that Communists were trying to kidnap him. These facts, considered by themselves, might tempt us to conclude that our hero had deliberately chosen a strategic point of honour. But we prefer to doubt it. Such an interpretation, by attaching some shred of meaning to his candidature, would rob it of its one supreme quality.

**U**NCONSCIOUSLY, the champion of anti-Communism may have had an important part to play. There are thousands of good Canadians burning to disable a Communist and unable to find one. Their dissatisfied libido creates a painful complex, and, the experts say, is one of the suspected causes of stuttering. The same experts assure us that such things, denied a natural outlet, can nevertheless be satisfied vicariously, if focussed in some one person or thing who can be made to symbolize them. Such was the lone anti-Communist. Once he raised his proud banner, thousands of inarticulate and suppressed die-hards found their relief.

It takes a brave man to play this part to the end. For becoming as he does a focus for other people's emotions, he has to submit to strains and stresses in the psychic ether unknown to less conspicuous men. From being a symbol he often becomes a scapegoat.

This, maybe, is the inner reason why, according to press reports, the one anti-Communist candidate in Canada spent election day in jail. The reported reason for this was that he allowed himself to become involved in a libel action. But this is superficial. The discerning will recognize that in reality he bore a burden not his own.



# Our Fantastic Electoral System

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

**T**HE one thing that can always be predicted about a Canadian post-war election is that there will be a "landslide". The working of our single-member constituency system, with three or more parties struggling for votes, always favours the successful party unduly. When the game is going with the Liberals (or the Conservatives) they can always count on winning far more seats than they earn on the voting. It is as if the rule-makers in the game of football were to change the rules so that the attacking side was always favoured, so that it could always count on finding a hole when it bucked the line and could always count on completing every forward pass it made. In a game played under such rules there would be fantastic scores. Politics is still regarded by most Canadians as nothing much more than our major national sport.

In the recent election, out of some three and a half million votes cast, the Liberals won about one and a half million; the Conservatives one million, the C.C.F. 300,000, the Reconstructionists 335,000, and the Social Crediters 100,000. For their one and a half million votes the Liberals get 176 seats (counting as Liberal the Independents and the Liberal-Progressives). The Conservatives with two-thirds as many votes get only 42 seats. The C.C.F. with one-fifth as many votes get only eight seats. Poor Mr. Stevens with his 335,000 votes captures only one seat. The Social Crediters, being concentrated in one area where the fortunes of the game were on their side, as they were on the Liberal side in the Dominion as a whole, get 17 seats for 100,000 votes. One does not need to be a fantastical devotee of mathematical democracy to assert that such results as these are fantastic, outrageous and intolerable.

When the results are analyzed for any particular section of the Dominion they are equally fantastic. The Liberals swept every seat but one in the Maritime Provinces, but they polled only 280,000 votes as against 167,000 for the Conservatives. The almost solid Liberal Quebec actually gave the Liberals only a little more than three-fifths of its votes. In the metropolitan area of Toronto (consisting of the 11 city seats and East, South and West York) the election showed a Tory island still sticking out in a sea of Liberalism; and people will no doubt continue to talk about Tory Toronto as about Liberal Quebec. The actual votes cast were 147,000 for the Conservatives, 118,000 for the Liberals, 57,000 for the C.C.F. and 54,000 for the Reconstructionists. If Toronto seats had been distributed in accordance with the voting there would go to Ottawa six Conservative members, four Liberals, two C.C.F.-ers and two Reconstructionists; and the myth of Tory Toronto would begin to disappear.

**S**IMILAR fantastic results have of course appeared in all our recent provincial elections in Canada. Alberta was the scene of the most notable of these recent "landslides". The two cities of Alberta have their elections conducted on the P.R. system. Edmon-

ton with six seats elected three Liberals, two Social Crediters and one Conservative. Calgary with a similar representation elected four Social Crediters, one Liberal and one Conservative. These results under P.R. were in almost exact accordance with the numbers of votes cast in each city for each group. In the province at large, however, Alberta continues to operate with the old single-member constituency system. Non-urban Alberta is divided into 51 constituencies. Of these the Aberhartians captured 50 with a total vote of 124,000. The Liberals captured the remaining one with 47,000 votes. The U.F.A. with 31,000 votes got no representation at all. If Alberta voters were fairly represented in their present provincial legislature Mr. Aberhart would have a small majority but he would also have an active opposition watching and criticising him.

The "landslide" in fact, about which we hear so much after each election, exists only in the change of seats in the legislatures. It never takes place in the change of opinions and votes among the electorate. In the last three Dominion general elections the Liberal proportion of the total vote has fluctuated between a little over 46 and a little over 48 percent of the votes; but on two of these occasions the Liberals won smashing victories and on one they suffered a smashing defeat. The Conservative vote in 1930 which gave Mr. Bennett his great majority and his "dictatorship" amounted to only 49 percent of the electorate.

**I**T is argued that an electoral system which distributed representatives in mathematical proportion to the votes would never produce a majority government and so would make for weak policies with intrigue and log-rolling in the Dominion capital. This is undoubtedly a serious consideration. But there is no need to give it such weight as to tolerate the fantastic and outrageous results which have come from recent Canadian elections. The establishment of P.R. in our main metropolitan urban centres and some form of alternative vote in the rural areas is urgently needed if our democratic system of government is not to become a meaningless gamble.

While the swing of the pendulum brings first one and then the other of the two established major parties into office with exaggerated majorities, the system works so as to distribute always against the new and smaller groups. It worked in favour of the Social Crediters in Alberta only because they happened to be a major group there already. A new socialist movement can only be built up gradually in Canada, but it has no fair chance at all to get a foothold under the present system. Until it has grown to such a size that it can equal one or both of the old parties in some particular area it has no chance of getting members elected. But its growth to such a size is steadily prevented by the system which keeps it out of Parliament, prevents its leaders from gaining experience of public affairs, and prevents the movement itself from getting the share of publicity without which any movement under modern conditions necessarily starves.

# AMERICAN JOURNEY

G. CAMPBELL McINNES

**"**LOOK down on Two Nations for 25c."

The Penobscot Tower in Detroit has 47 floors, but the romance of the Detroit River disappeared with Prohibition, and much of its trade with the depression; and from this lofty pinnacle, its yellow waters, carrying only St. Clair mud down to Lake Erie, are strangely still. Windsor, on the opposite bank, a scrawny array of red brick houses, looks dirty and ill-kept beside the opulent steel and concrete towers of Detroit.

Look down on the Poor Neighbour for 25c.

But Penobscot's watchman-guide isn't so sure.

After all, 29 banks failed in Detroit in 1933.

And the city, with a million and a half people dependent on the motor trade, looks and aches like a hollow tooth.

"Too bad you hadn't time to see the Aztec Tower, though. There's a building. Cost Fisher \$\$\$ . . ."

Meanwhile in the City Gallery, the savage and powerful Rivera Murals stand, through the financial generosity of Edsel Ford, as a permanent reminder to the people of Detroit of the less attractive phases of life in Mr. Ford's factories.

But they still believe clouds have silver linings.

"I gotta million dollar smile" chanted the crooner at Klinger Lake where we pulled up for refreshments.

As long as we can bunny-hug our way across the floor of a 35-cent dance-hall, come wind, come rain.

\* \* \*

**"**CHICAGO, Chicago, that toddling town."

Remember that song of the Hectic Twenties?

The town that Billy Sunday couldn't shut down occupies its time in the Crazy Thirties in dreaming on a past of almost legendary notoriety—Big Bill Thompson, Al Capone, Legs Diamond—and striving feverishly to scramble out of the mess it left behind.

We approached Chicago in the grey dawn.

The parks and benches were draped with huddled figures.

On South Michigan Avenue, two men were scouring a garbage can for food.

The gardens were littered with papers and skins. Round Jackson Park, the Negroes live like rats in crowded and unearthly squalor.

Plenty of material here for a repetition of the coloured riots; and the Chicago Negroes are an aggressive lot.

It's strange to pass from the massive quiet of the Art Institute, and plunge straight into the Loop, its streets darkened by the clattering "L"; no less than New York, Chicago is a city of contrasts.

"Terre Haute strikers quelled by tear gas," said the headlines; but they all turned to the comic strips.

"Burlesk Show To-nite"—and a capacity house, cashing in on the craving for escapism through the medium of buttock-wagging.

**I**N Southern Illinois, inches of rain fell in an hour, corn was battered flat and the topsoil ran off onto the roads.

The personnel of a Soil Conservation Service car was ditched and had to walk into Mattoon.

They are trying at the eleventh hour to stop the wastage which has obliterated for all time 35 million acres of grazing land, and endangered 225 million more.

They don't know what they're up against.

"Plenty more where that came from"; and the more you destroy, the higher the price of what's left—which is good for business.

Then we crossed Old Man River into St. Louis.

The moon shone down on his yellow majesty; yellow with the life-giving soil from Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois.

A new St. Louis Blues is being spread slowly fanwise up the valley, as the winds whisk away the tired earth and impoverish thousands.

But in the Ozarks, corn was rotting; AAA is righting things, even if it takes time.

\* \* \*

**I**N Northern Oklahoma we crossed the color line, and the Negroes were bundled into the back, bleary with sleep. Somehow one resented it. Dawn brought the dry, scorched, dust-ridden landscape to view, covered with a thin mesh of stunted trees.

Every now and then we passed a cart drawn by mules; the animals' long ears stuck up at ridiculous angles, and the men looked out with wrinkled eyes from beneath their hat-brims.

This is the land of the Poor Whites, and their tumbledown wooden shacks, where they live at the economic level of the Negro, yet have to keep up the pretence of sharing the privileges of the ruling caste, are visible through banks of feathery mesquites.

These white share-croppers, barely existing under a system beneath which the very Helots would have weakened, are inflammable stuff. Manipulated by the Huey Longs, they are a formidable body; an army in which poverty and oppression have bred fanatic hatreds—hatred of the white planter, hatred of the aspiring Negro.

Lynching seems natural in such an atmosphere.

Wherever the share-croppers abound, there is an intensification of that armed camp which, despite the deceptive quietness of the South, exists continually and regulates the actions and passions of men.

Behind the uneasy stillness lurks the shadow of the noose.

\* \* \*

Dallas calls itself the New York of the South; in some respects it is superior to New York.

Garment workers parade 7th Avenue with placards: Z. Schultz; unfair to organized labor.

But in Dallas, women strikers in the garment area fell on the blacklegs of their own sex, stripped them naked in broad daylight on the main street and spanked them soundly.

So many forked radishes running frantically for shelter.

Most Dallas dailies forbore to comment, but the "News" had an editorial: Why not let Radicals speak in the parks as they do in England?

Let strikers blow off steam and they won't shock "right-minded" citizens.

The Dallas Gallery has decided it can't afford to buy good European pictures, so it hangs local talent and arouses criticism and interest.

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You get used to the Jim Crow law.

In the lazy, warm, canal-threaded flats round the Delta, it seems the most natural thing on earth.

Who could be bothered even? Why man, Ah jes' ain't got no en'gy nohow.

In East Texas, in the name of Progress, they waste natural gas in flaring flambeaux, considerably faster than it is generated; but here they shoot craps.

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**N**EW ORLEANS, scene of Mayor Walmsley's stand against Huey Long, has just been captured by the Senator, who now has Louisiana clamped firmly in his own political vice.

Years ago, Huey would have led a Spartacist revolt.

He has the real demagogue's gift of hiding his ultimately Fascist aims by the popular methods of corporation-baiting and fighting the Federal government.

Also he has built magnificent roads and increased the number of schools, for which the people of Louisiana swear by him.

In the meantime, life in the Crescent City is dirt cheap, but wages are terribly low.

A girl in a cafe told me she got \$22 a month.

Which may help to explain the city's particularly lurid night life.

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They hate Long in Mississippi.

It's a poor state, but doesn't intend to achieve riches by hitching itself to the Kingfish's wagon.

It also riles them that Long should have begun printing his paper in Meridian, after levying a special newsprint tax on all papers in Louisiana.

But this alone doesn't explain Mississippi's devotion to Roosevelt. That is a local expression of a general feeling rampant in the South. Always Democratic, they are still convinced that Roosevelt, if he hasn't got wings, is at least the Modern Moses.

The kindly, careworn face of the Squire of Hyde Park looks down at you from the walls of cafes, lunch-counters, filling-stations, hotels and stores.

He is still the Medicine Man for the Blues.

\* \* \*

**B**IRMINGHAM belied its name.

"They've got smelters right inside the city limits," said the barber proudly; but they were silent.

Despite the industrial north, Alabama is still a cotton state, and everyone, even the blonde co-eds at Tuscaloosa, is praying that the Federal Government will guarantee the crop.

The Georgia Hillbillies don't seem to mind much what happens, but in Chattanooga, where they have just held a thanksgiving festival for the TVA, Roosevelt stocks are at their highest.

TVA has been a godsend to these people.

And it's rather a feather in their caps that this ambitious project should have been got under way in the South; it might so easily have been the Ohio . . . these goddamned Yankees.

The distrust and resentment towards the North still smoulders fiercely after 70 years.

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**T**HE smoke-stacks in West Virginia mark the southward march of industrialization.

It is marching south from Pittsburgh, where from the Gulf Building lookout, you can see the fabulously rich inheritance of Carnegie's and Schwab's yes-men, the Golden Triangle; and how this extraordinary city has hacked and hewn its way through the rock, and covered its seven hills with a rash of crowded houses, connected by funiculars.

Overhead hangs a Londonlike pall of smoke, ready to condense into yellowish fog at a moment's notice.

Pittsburgh brings you definitely into the North, and it is quite a surprise to find a Negro sharing your seat in the street-car; it gives you a rather guilty feeling.

Here, too, the almost universal hatred of Hoover, natural in the South, seems unreasoning, though it is genuine enough; dissatisfaction with Roosevelt is discernible too, despite Al Smith's assertion that "no one wants to shoot Santa Claus."

But Third Party prospects are not bright.

Apart from the disunity of the discontented and the difficulty of disrupting old party lines, what are you to do with a people who, in the midst of the most complete economic chaos, still insist that they've "gotta million dollar smile"?

\* \* \*

Buffalo was quieter, befitting the city whose history is associated so intimately with the Erie Canal.

The lake in Delaware Park looked surprisingly like the Serpentine. From a forest of skyscrapers, across the blue Niagara, one looks once more at the Poor Neighbour; but here the view is free. You gloat gratis. 3,000 miles of frontier without a gun; but immigration officials more than supply the deficiency.

And our side of the line is essentially different; quieter, more settled, much less exciting.

\* \* \*

**T**HE color and variety of American life is amazing, and no less amazing is the fact that high pressure salesmanship has not yet succeeded in imposing a veneer of monotonous sameness.

At present what sameness there is consists in the appalling waste one sees everywhere.

But the unrivalled ability of the American people to be played for suckers is in danger of turning the States, in time, into one vast mail order catalogue.

\* \* \*

However, the American nose for the right news is unerring.

I left Canada on the eve of the Conservative defeat in New Brunswick. I returned to find that, during my absence, Mr. King had made an epochal speech, and the Conservatives had been obliterated in Prince Edward Island. Of all this I read nothing, but I was kept very well informed as to the progress of the Dionne Quintuplets.

# 1918---CANADA'S FORGOTTEN RIOTS

JOHN FAIRFAX

**L**ITTLE difference is apparent between the two older political parties in Canada in their attitude towards the most serious of all our current problems—the problem of the futureless younger generation. From Mr. King little has been heard; but the action of the Bennett Government in Regina and of the Hepburn Government in Ontario are of a piece. Hiding behind the provocative cries of “law and order” and “Communist agitation”, their fright flowers in coercion and repression. One sympathizes a little with these statesmen of ours. It is a serious problem. It is an alarming situation which their apathy and obstinacy have created. But until they face the fact that fundamental issues, not mere palliatives, are involved, sympathy cannot go far. Canadian youth, thwarted in its search for an honest livelihood, robbed of its birthright of economic independence, of marriage and children, and offered the stone of regimentation in humiliating and futureless relief camps, has made up its mind that nothing short of a square facing of the issue will satisfy it.

What is the reaction of this new “lost generation” likely to be to coercive and obstructive measures? For that we are on the eve of an outburst of such measures if the reactionary forces which now govern our country succeed in remaining in power, seems likely. Young Canadians are not amenable to a “Hitler Youth” movement, nor to the regimentation of a Mussolini. There can be no myth of an Aryan destiny, nor of the beauty and manliness of the military ideal, in Canada.

Can coercive measures even be tried in Canada? We have been witnessing the first rumblings of such an attempt. And in a “national emergency” anything is possible.

**W**E had a “national emergency” once before—the war. It is instructive to recall what happened then, and how Canadians reacted to it. There are some features of this previous “national emergency” of which the new generation are perhaps ignorant, and which the older generation have forgotten. They illustrate what can happen when those who believe in compulsion and regimentation get the upper hand.

On October 13, 1917, the Military Service Act came into operation in Canada, providing for recruiting in both a voluntary and a compulsory manner, in order to enable the government to implement its pledge of 100,000 reinforcements for the front. Canada had already sent to the war 437,000 men (a total cost of 5,000,000 if similarly raised in the United States). Enforcement of the Act was placed in the hands of the Dominion Police under the Department of Justice, and after the end of May, 1918, under the Militia Department, assisted in the West by the R.N.W.M.P. No “draftees” were called up until January 3, 1918. To quote from the Canadian Annual Review for 1918: “At the beginning of 1918 there were, approximately, 600,000 unmarried men available between the ages of 20 and

34; many of them were the sole support of widows and families, many others were in so-called essential occupations, a certain proportion were medically unfit, a large number were subject to a Nationalist propaganda in Quebec which made them unwilling to enlist; the government’s duty was by persuasion or compulsion to raise another 100,000 from their ranks.”

Registrars and tribunals were created across Canada to call up men and to hear claims for exemption. A Central Appeal Judge had the final power of decision on all points.

Then, on April 1st, 1918, came the following cable from Mr. Lloyd George to the Governor-General:

“As already announced, we propose to ask Parliament to authorize immediate measures for raising fresh forces. I would also urge the Government of Canada to reinforce its heroic troops in the fullest possible manner, and with the smallest possible delay. Let no one think that what even the remotest of our Dominions can now do can be too late. Before this campaign is finished, the last man may count.”

Immediately, the government increased its efforts to expedite the enforcement of the Military Service Act, and then, on April 19, Sir Robert Borden moved in the House of Commons what the Canadian Annual Review terms “an unprecedented resolution” asking parliament to sanction an order-in-council calling out at once all men from 20 to 22 inclusive, and if necessary from 19 to 23, and abolishing claims for exemption on grounds of value in civil life. The preamble read:

“Whereas there is an immediate and urgent need of reinforcements for the Canadian Expeditionary Force and the necessity for these reinforcements admits of no delay; and whereas it is deemed essential that, notwithstanding exemptions heretofore granted, a substantial number of men should be withdrawn forthwith from civil life for the purpose of serving in a military capacity; and whereas, having regard to the number of men immediately required and to the urgency of the demand, time does not permit of examination by exemption tribunals of the value in civil life, or the position, of the individuals called up for duty.”

**S**IR WILFRID LAURIER opposed the resolution on the ground that: “The resolution . . . involves a wide departure from the enactment of the Military Service Act. It involves, I am sorry to say, a still wider departure from the principle of constitutional government, of which at one time we were proud, and which we have always considered a safeguard of the people against the encroachment of the Executive in power.”

Despite opposition amendments, the premier’s resolution was carried by 114 to 65, Hon. W. S. Fielding, A. B. McCoig, D. C. Ross and W. C. Kennedy

(Liberals) voting for it. An order-in-council was at once passed calling all unmarried men of 19 years and those who had reached 20 before October 13, 1917, to register, and another order abolishing the exemptions of men 20, 21 and 22 years of age.

A barrage of orders and proclamations followed. Everyone in Class I was required to carry on his person written proof of exemption; all youths of 19 were required to report for service, though any, married prior to April 20th, were to be exempted; every man ordered by a registrar to report must do so on the date specified, and if between 20 and 22, leave of absence would be granted on one ground only, namely, that he was the sole remaining son of military age in the family, the others being already serving or having suffered death or disablement.

What was the reaction of Canadian youth to these arbitrary and coercive measures at this time?

The opposition that had been met with in Quebec since the passage of the Military Service Act came to a head. Let the Canadian Annual Review tell the story:

"There was at first no open refusal to serve, no rioting, no serious talk of opposition—outside of the continuous Nationalist propaganda which could lead nowhere else in the end . . . The Canadian Military Gazette of February 26 declared that there was a form of passive resistance in Quebec at this time with the courts 'submerged beneath it'; there was something of this condition everywhere, but Quebec appeared to the worst advantage because the proportion of men already enlisted from the province was not so large as elsewhere. . . Then followed the rioting in Quebec City on March 28 and succeeding days, during which mobs broke from all control, practically destroyed the office of the M.S.A. deputy registrar, burned or ruined many of his files and official documents, wrecked the offices of the Quebec Chronicle"—and necessitated the calling out of 800 militia by the Minister of Militia to quell the disturbance after the mayor "failed to present a requisition or to read the riot act." The force was later enlarged to 1,000 under Major-General Lessard. This action was afterwards legalized by an order-in-council, which was made to apply also to future cases that might arise. It read:

"The Governor-in-Council may, within the affected area, which he shall designate, supersede or supersede to such an extent as he may specify, until his further order, the jurisdiction and power of the civil courts, and declare that within the said area the orders of the General Officer Commanding the troops shall in all respects be obeyed by the civil population, and that offenders against the law or persons disobedient to such military orders, shall be tried and punished by courtmartial."

**M**EANWHILE, on April 1st, Quebec citizens had responded to the military action which this order-in-council legalized, by a further outburst, thus officially described in the report read in the House of Commons on April 3rd:

"From the housetops, side streets, snow banks and other places of concealment, the rioters opened fire point-blank on the troops, who, as on the pre-

vious nights, displayed great steadiness and forbearance under severe provocation. But at length, after several soldiers had received bullet wounds, it became absolutely necessary for the troops to return the fire in self defense, for the protection of the public, and to prevent the situation passing entirely beyond control. Five soldiers were wounded, and of the crowd four were killed, many were injured and 58 were arrested."

"As to the immediate cause," reports The Canadian Annual Review, "the trouble arose out of an attempt by the Dominion police to arrest certain defaulters under the Military Service Act."

Here we have a parallel to the recent Regina "riot"; though in 1918 Canadians showed less restraint under almost identical circumstances. But who could have foreseen, a few months ago, the history of arbitrary and repressive measures in war time so strangely repeating itself in these times of "peace"?

Resistance to arbitrary measures was not confined to Quebec City. Says the Canadian Annual Review: "Elsewhere in Quebec there were local ebullitions. Up in the Laurentian Mountains there was at least one band of young men armed to the teeth who defied the authorities. In Lotbiniere County sentiment ran high against registrations under the call for men and several illegal acts were committed."

Nor was resistance confined to the Province of Quebec. On January 6th, Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan, wired the Minister of Militia that the administration of the Act in that Province was resulting in bona fide farmers and farm laborers being drafted. Reports had been received of young farmers being compelled to sacrifice their farm equipment at auction sales in order to comply with orders to report for service and of farmers reducing their livestock owing to loss of help. He added that many farms would go uncultivated unless these conditions were changed. In view of this, and a subsequent report of the Bureau of Labor giving instances of hardship, the administration of the Act was somewhat relaxed in Saskatchewan.

Cancellation of exemptions on April 20th was followed by a storm of protest from the farming community. Delegations and protests poured into Ottawa. A Parliamentary sub-committee reported that 50,000 men were needed for the harvest. The farmers of Lincoln and Welland counties petitioned the Prime Minister to modify the order-in-council. Meetings of protest were held at Brantford, Woodstock, Goderich, Ayr, Guelph and other points, under the auspices of the U.F.O. The Manitoba legislature sent a delegation to Ottawa. The U.F.O. in its annual meeting in Toronto, June 9th, passed severe strictures on the Government, threatened appeal to the Privy Council, and declared many farms had been left without a man on them, that stock was not being cared for, that large numbers of farms would soon pass out of cultivation, and that a serious condition of unrest was prevalent. On June 13th, H. W. Wood, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, presented a memorial at Ottawa, declaring the situation in that province to be serious. On

July 8th, the Canadian Council of Agriculture drew up a strong memorial of protest.

**B**Y October 3rd, the Military Service Branch of the government had got to the point of advertising in the press that exemption of farmers would be renewed providing proof that they were contributing satisfactorily to the country's food supply. The reaction of the military-minded to the farmers' protests was represented by the following statement of Hon. F. B. Carvell in the Commons on April 19th:

"There are thousands and tens of thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of people in the west of Canada who have tried assiduously to avoid military service. Among the farming classes, every device has been resorted to which ingenuity of men could think of. Men by the score have been practically adopted by their neighbors on the ground that it was necessary to work their farms, and through that have obtained exemption; and the next day these young men have gone away from that farm as if it were a pest house, with no intention of ever returning to it."

Thus does the spirit of capitalist savagery show its teeth when it has plunged a world into war. Will its teeth be similarly bared in the face of protests which economic collapse have evoked?

The net result of the above attempts to drive the farmers of Canada to war was that the farmers who claimed exemption totalled 161,981, and those refused numbered 20,449; that farmers in the 20-22 class, whose exemptions were continued, totalled 72,825, and those cancelled 41,852.

The drive, of course, was not confined to farmers. Instances in which exemptions were refused were to a school principal in Calgary, 2,000 bank clerks whose services were claimed to be essential, students at Quebec Seminary and Laval University, a member of the provincial police force of Alberta, various workers in munition works. The men who were making money out of banking and munition making did not need to claim exemption; they were over age. The Plymouth Brethren and the International Bible Students were refused exemption, as were naturalized aliens, members of the legal profession, medical, dental and veterinary students. But Indians were exempted, and in June several Winnipeg grain buyers were exempted "so long as they continued in that profession or as farmers."

It was not to be expected, of course, that such arbitrary abrogation of all the customary constitutional rights as took place under the Military Service Act would escape challenge in the courts. The handing over, *holus bolus*, of the civil population to military domination, is a characteristic of capitalist crisis, whether it be a war or other debacle. It is interesting, therefore, to know that in such situations, the courts do not escape the ruthless thumb of those who believe in force as against persuasion.

The principle of habeas corpus was early invoked against the stringent coerciveness of the Military Service Act, made more severe by the order-in-

council of April, 1918, suspending the exemption tribunals.

On June 27th, Mr. Justice A. A. Bruneau, of the Supreme Court, Montreal, heard a test case of 15 soldiers who petitioned for release on the ground that the government had illegally suspended the Habeas Corpus Act. The decision rendered July 5th declared that the order-in-council cancelling the exemptions was *ultra vires*.

It was not in Quebec that the real fight was carried on, however, but in Alberta. At Edmonton, before the Supreme Court of Alberta, and on the application of R. B. Bennett, K.C. (of all people), acting for Norman Earl Lewis, an order was sought declaring that Lewis was illegally held, as a draftee under the Military Service Act, by the local military authorities. On June 28th, by a majority decision of the court, an order of release was granted and the order-in-council declared invalid. The court held that there was no power under the War Measures Act to pass the order-in-council of April 20th. Mr. Justice Beck declared that it was an astounding proposition that parliament, after spending weeks in discussing the Military Service Act, should leave it open to the Governor-in-Council to revoke the Act in whole or even in part. Mr. Justice Stuart maintained that parliament had never intended to grant the Government power to over-ride and repeal its own Acts. Mr. Justice Hyndman declared that: "Men holding exemption certificates granted by lawfully-constituted tribunals are, by statute, exempt from service. It is, therefore, a right derived from statute and, in my opinion, can only be taken away by statute."

Let the Canadian Annual Review for 1918 (pages 469 et seq.) tell the story of the ensuing struggle between the Government and the Courts:

"As the decision carried with it the fate of the whole of the 20-22 class, the legality of many War orders-in-council, the whole policy of government action in emergencies when Parliament was not sitting, the right to conscript 40,000 soldiers already taken under this order, the situation at once became critical. . . . The Edmonton Bulletin (July 1st) said: 'Last week they railroaded 1,500 men out of Calgary for overseas, most of whom had held exemption papers such as that held by young Lewis. Their exemption papers had been taken from them and the exemption cancelled. Of the two or three thousand men still in Calgary the larger number held exemptions. These men may be shipped overseas in defiance of the law as laid down by the Alberta Supreme Court while the Lewis case is under appeal.'

"Meanwhile the Minister of Justice had at once taken the case on appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada, asked for an emergency hearing and decision and issued instructions to proceed with the routine enforcement of the Act and the movement of troops. At the same time an order-in-council was passed (July 5th) which specified the nature of the Alberta decision, described the exigencies of the situation, and added:

"Therefore, H. E. the Governor-General-in-Council, on the recommendation of the Acting Prime

Minister, is pleased to order and direct, and doth hereby order and direct that men whose exemptions were cancelled pursuant to the provisions of the order-in-council of the 20th April, 1918, above referred to, be dealt with in all respects as provided by the said order-in-council, notwithstanding the said judgment and notwithstanding any judgment or any order that may be made by any court, and that instructions be sent accordingly to the General and other officers commanding military districts in Canada."

It was not to be expected that this open and high-handed flouting of the courts would go unchallenged. The Canadian Annual Review continues:

"The Alberta Court met this action with habeas corpus proceedings in the case of a soldier named Norton and a demand for his surrender to its jurisdiction with an order for Colonel Moore (commanding 1st Alberta Depot Battalion) to appear and produce the man. This the latter refused to do on advice from Ottawa and a tense period followed in which it appeared that the provincial court and the military authorities might have a direct clash. . . . The court on July 10 issued a writ of attachment against Colonel Moore, and the situation became still more acute with a dispatch on the 11th from Mr. Doherty, Minister of Justice, to James Muir, K.C., the department's representative, urging the court in view of the gravity of present circumstances that 'all further judicial proceedings locally should be stayed pending the hearing and determination by the Supreme Court of Canada upon the questions upon which they depend.' . . .

"Under orders from the military authorities at Ottawa, Colonel Moore refused to appear and the court ordered his arrest; the local barracks became a scene of great activity with armed guards and machine guns in evidence and press declarations that any effort at arrest would be resisted; Chief Justice Harvey in his order for the release of Norton declared that 'the Sheriff has been met with armed military resistance in his effort to execute the writ;' sarcastic opinions were expressed in court and heated statements made outside, such as the declaration of the Ottawa Journal-Press (July 13th) that the Alberta judges 'ought to be in gaol'. On the 12th the Minister of Justice telegraphed Mr. Muir to advise the court that need for men at the front was vital and any cessation of military movement disastrous; 'Government most anxious should be no conflict between authorities, but if such occur by reason or refusal to act on suggestion or suspension, responsibility must rest upon the Court.'"

Thus was seen the unprecedented situation in Canada, of the Government riding rough-shod over the courts, nullifying their powers under the constitution, and threatening compulsion by military action unless they consented to swallow their own decisions on a matter of constitutional right and permit the military authorities to proceed unhindered in their determination to railroad Canadians into war. This in a country already denuded of the flower of its young manhood, and on the plea that the need for further cannon fodder transcended the need for food production, or any other civil need.

Well, just as, in another "emergency," the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the reactionary forces in the community by declaring Franklin Roosevelt's "New Deal" unconstitutional, so the Supreme Court of Canada upheld the action of a government grown dictatorial in the hysteria of war fever, and handed down a ruling on July 20th declaring the order-in-council valid. It is noteworthy, however, that while the United States Supreme Court in the aforementioned instance was ostensibly defending the constitution, its Canadian counterpart was upholding the right of the Government to abolish constitutional rights by arbitrary action. It was contended by four out of the six judges (Kirkpatrick, Davies, Duff, and Anglin), that Parliament had given the executive the power to act by order-in-council. A minority report by Judges Brodeur and Iddington declared that no order-in-council could repeal or nullify an Act of Parliament.

ON October 11th in a similar case in Quebec Judge F. X. Choquette found two officers guilty of illegal arrest and the order-in-council under which they had acted invalid. So with Judge Bruneau at Montreal.

Following the majority decision of the Supreme Court, many cases based on the disputed order-in-council were dismissed, in Toronto by Chief Justice Mulock and elsewhere by other judges. Many of the Quebec judges, however, refused to accept the decision, and Mr. Justice Monet, in the Superior Court at Montreal on August 6th, ordered the military authorities to release two men on the ground that 'the parliament of Canada, far from having the right to delegate to the Governor-in-Council the power to suspend the right of habeas corpus in Canada, does not even possess for itself that power.'

Generally, however, the military authorities now proceeded with the enforcement of the draft with the utmost rigor. To quote again the Canadian Annual Review:

"Heavy penalties were imposed for default or desertion or refusal to serve; as the months passed on, systematic search was made for evaders of all kinds, and public places, such as theatres, were frequently searched, with papers of exemption necessary for eligible men to avert arrest. . . . On August 2nd a special proclamation was issued giving deserters another chance by removing absentees under the M.S.A. from liability to punishment if they reported for duty between then and August 24th. Men still classed as deserters and absentees after that date would be 'pursued and punished with all the rigor and severity of the law, subject to the judgments of courts-martial which will be convened to try such cases, and other competent tribunals.' . . . Some drastic punishments were inflicted during this period. At Hamilton, on August 10, twelve conscientious objectors, who refused to do duty in any form, were sentenced to life imprisonment—commuted by the Minister of Justice to ten years—and one of them was G. E. Grey, known in connection with the Supreme Court case. At the same camp, on September 26, J. E. Plant was sentenced to death by court martial for refusal to serve, and had his penalty changed to 15 years imprisonment."

And this all happened in this Canada of ours, only seventeen years ago this month. Young men and women who have grown up since the war, and can form but a faint conception of the lengths to which war fever had driven the statesmen of the world, including Canada, could do no better than ponder the words of the Hon. Martin Burrell, then Acting Minister of Militia, a man regarded as one of the gentler souls amongst Canadian statesmen, who has since published a book of quietly reflective essays on the pleasures of fishing and such peaceful pursuits. His reaction to the spectacle of young men refusing to yield to the ruthless and arbitrary actions of a government grown sadistic in its determination to feed the guns with Canadian blood, was embodied in the following statement:

"I have to say with profound regret that there are thousands of others who have failed their country in their country's need; thousands of men who, having been notified to report for duty, have refused to obey the law and have thereby become criminals in the eyes of the law, dishonoring both themselves and their country. . . . Many of these men, recreant to all sense of manhood, honor or duty, have deliberately constituted themselves outlaws."

**H**E was, of course, right. The instructive part of this account (which will read so strangely to many younger Canadians) lies partly in the object lesson of what can happen when a government is determined upon arbitrary measures, and partly in the evidence of how Canadians are capable of reacting to such arbitrary measures. Thousands did, indeed, constitute themselves what Mr. Burrell terms outlaws; but outlaws against a law which two justices of the Federal Supreme Court, and other provincial judges, had declared illegal. Let the Canadian Annual Review again tell us what happened:

"Defaulters formed themselves into armed bands in the Laurentian hills from Quebec, or in the Lake St. John district, or in the northern wilds of Ontario; many escaped from places like Brockville or Niagara Falls to the American side before a reciprocity of policy came into force on the border; some bands took refuge on an island in the Ottawa River, or in the dense woods along the shore opposite the Petewawa military camp and were armed and provisioned for sustained defense. At Lunenburg, N. S., about 30 young men sailed away with the fishing fleets in June and thus defied the call to the colors and various formal notices; others fled to the mountain or forest wilds of British Columbia, as with Albert Goodwin, the Socialist defaulter, who made his cottage into an armed arsenal and who was shot in the final round-up."

Not, you see, merely in Quebec Province, where not merely conscription, but the war itself had been opposed from the start, but all across Canada, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, an active protest went up against the efforts to hurl more and still more Canadians into the slaughter, and to do so by defying the constitutional rights of Canadian citizens and the courts of the land as the upholders of the constitution.

"It all ended," reports the Canadian Annual Review, "with the coming of the armistice, when the Adjutant-General issued orders stopping arrests or further proceedings against these men, with the result that large numbers of men in the various military districts returned to their homes after being branded in the press as 'flunkers' of the worst type."

And supposing the armistice had not come just then—what would have happened? That is an interesting speculation.

It is also interesting to note how times change the epithets which are hurled against those who stand out against arbitrary measures and the "iron heel" of a government determined to stamp on right, to make known injustice and to call for redress. Those who rebelled against compulsion by order-in-council in 1918 were termed "defaulters" and "flunkers of the worst type." Their waywardness was blamed (by Hon. Martin Burrell) on "people who have encouraged and persuaded them to disobey the law." In 1935, the young men in the relief camps, determined to make known the seriousness of the plight which faces their generation, are "shirkers" and "agitators." They are being "misled by Communists"—and so deserving of no public sympathy, or of any attentive hearing.

But perhaps the most illuminating fact of this excerpt from Canadian history is that which illustrates what war does to men's minds, once it gets well under way. And that is a lesson that all young Canadians would do well to learn.

### THE WEATHER GLASS

There is no refuge from this wind tonight,  
Though sound the roof and double-latched the door;  
And though I've trimmed the wick, there is no light,  
Nor is there warmth although the tamaracks roar;  
Nor will the battery of those surges keep  
The hammering pulses silent in my sleep.

But one alone might quell this storm tonight,  
And were he now this moment at the door,  
His eyes would clear the shadows from this light,  
His voice put laughter in the billows' roar,  
And he would clasp me in his arms and keep  
The wheeling gulls from screaming through my sleep.

—E. J. PRATT.





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**NATIVE BOATMEN—DAR-ES-SALAAM**  
By Will Ogilvie  
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# The Dilemma of American Criticism

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

**T**HE critical history of the last three decades divides itself, in spite of many divergences and dissonances, into three distinct ideological tendencies. What caused these tendencies to appear? Were they created by the writers themselves, or as the Marxists would have it, by the material forces of the environment of an industrial capitalistic society? Whatever the cause may have been, the leitmotifs of the critical performances of the last quarter of a century or so betray a singular consistency of pattern. Critics praise and rhapsodize, denounce and annihilate in chorus. Apparently one critic, possessed of a commanding intellect, stylistic distinction, and a more or less original and plausible theory, sounds the key, chants the first few verses, and the rest dutifully take up the refrain, some times joining in with an intensity that surpasses the vocal powers of the leader. Often, too, the members of the choir introduce many novel variations on the original theme.

About 1914, the younger American critics armed themselves to do battle. They had become conscious of the distressing fact that America could boast no indigenous culture. It was a Cimmerian desert, barren of roads or hope. In the past there had been the usual consolation and excuse that America was still young. The future still lay before it, ripe for conquest. At the appointed time, the people would rouse themselves out of their materialist slumber and convert this fair continent into a Land of Culture. Had not Whitman prophesied it? Had not the writers of the "golden" day serenely predicted an illustrious future for American letters? Yet here was the twentieth century in full swing and nothing of enduring greatness had been accomplished. America remained apparently unfruitful in the process of growing up. Instead of remaining in this arid land, young men of high aspirations and undetermined talent fled to the Bohemian haven of Paris or Munich or Rome. The story of this artistic migration is now well known and has been retold with unsparing fidelity by Malcolm Cowley in "Exile's Return."

**I**T was not long before a number of intrepid critics perceived the folly, the impossibility of fleeing to Europe for salvation. With full-throated cry they attacked this cowardly method of escape, this shameful evasion of responsibility. Were we to remain tied forever to the apron-strings of Europe? They were fired with a high and holy mission to inaugurate an autochthonous literary renaissance in America. By the fiat of the critical word, a mighty culture was to spring up in this soil. They believed implicitly in this evangel and preached it far and wide with such passionate conviction that many were converted. Even unpublished poets and novelists, the unrecognized geniuses of the hinterland, took courage. Emerging out of obscurity with their precious manuscripts, they invaded the Promised Land where the Prophets and Judges joyfully awaited their coming.

That was the time, of blessed memory, when the password was "genius," "the American scene," "the great American epic," "The American rhythm." The hospitable, genial pasha of this self-generated Renaissance, Louis Untermeyer, laboured under the wild illusion that treasure troves of superb poetry lay buried in the mountains and prairies and cities of this country. All that was needed was the magic word to bid these singing Lazaruses arise and walk and take up the burden of their song. Mr. Untermeyer uttered incantations of welcome for all he was worth; his hallelujahs could be heard from the reaches of Puget Sound to the marshes of Florida and from the shacks of Kalamazoo to the pueblos of New Mexico. His bugling and ballyhooing were not all in vain. Wistfully or lustfully ambitious geniuses came forth at his bidding; every month or so marked the discovery and coronation of a new poetic dynasty. Wonders were in the air.

**T**HIS revivalistic frenzy lasted far into the second decade. An interesting compilation could be made of some of the extravagant prophecies that were let loose in those palmy, optimistic days. The movement was characterized by the fever and dreams of grandeur and mad speculative excess of a Florida boom or a Klondike rush. Every critic was eager to strike a vein of gold. The competition in panygerics and virile vaticinations was furious, unrelenting. The critics were preparing a table for the coming of the Lord and his anointed. Beside the ecstatic Mr. Untermeyer, there was Amy Lowell, who led her own orchestra, announced her own special revelations. There was "The Seven Arts", edited by that ardent poet-disciple of Jung, James Oppenheim, to which writers like Van Wyck Brooks, Waldo Frank, and Paul Rosenfield contributed, each of whom in his own way proclaimed the approaching millenium. The whole movement, in short, was one of intensely emotional excitement at the wish-perceived symptoms of literary parturition—the Renaissance.

## II

**B**UT when the clamor and the shouting died down and little of moment had really been achieved, there was consternation in the ranks of the critics. Something had gone wrong. Surely they had not labored and struggled for naught. In their desperation, they hit on a new formula. They decided to study the case history of the patient in order to determine the nature of his malady. The past would have to be examined and appraised. God wot, what we needed was a living and sustaining tradition. Consider England with its rooted ways, its mellow past, its Shakespeare and Byron and Shelley; Germany with its Goethe and Schiller.

Once entered upon this quest, these zealous critics found that their worst suspicions were more than confirmed. No wonder this generation was songless and godless, obsessed with the worship of money and machinery. Instead of a rich, inspiring

past, it had come into a barren, blighting heritage—the repressions, the sex-guilt of the Puritans. What was worse, the frontiersmen, vulgar and uncouth, had continued the destructive work of the Puritans. We were indeed a lost and damned generation. The reaction of the critics to this discovery, their rage at the way in which their forbears had betrayed them, expressed itself in two novel ways.

**F**IRST, there was the righteous wrathful critic of the type of Waldo Frank who felt it was his bounden duty to curse and condemn this pestilential civilization. America, in his eyes, became a symbol of all that was degrading, hideous and spurious in life. Fifty years from now, some commentator will derive considerable enjoyment from raking through the magazine files and forgotten books of this period for the scoriatic epithets and cyclonic invectives that stamped the work of these Davids who with a sling of rhetoric sought to destroy the Philistines. Out of their love for America, critics outdid themselves in composing hymns of hate. The age was rotten, incult, voiceless, crassly egotistic, mechanistic, moribund. America was a chaos, a jungle. Invidious adjectives reared their heads high and hissed loudly and fiercely. There was a jumble of loose talk about standardization, extraversion, materialism, the hypocrisy of religion, pragmatism (derived, of course, from the crude pioneers); the cult of wish-fulfillment, the greed and ignorance of the masses. In his book, "The New America". Waldo Frank speaks of the average American as one possessed of a physically mature body moved by a childish mind; he dwells on the facile and false optimism of the land, on frustration, the Puritan God. Freud had provided a valuable clue. From now on critical discussion became cluttered with profoundly technical terms about neuroses, lack of integration, inhibitions, sublimation, compensatory mechanism, the inferiority complex. Van Wyck Brooks set out to prove that Twain's whole life was an ordeal of repression, that James' life represented a mechanism of flight from the nightmare that was America.

The same group of critics also denounced the juggernaut of industrialism with the valor of their tongue. Industrialism, we were assured, had enfeebled and impoverished the national soul. The machine age called forth violent expressions of defiance and despair. Science was another dragon waiting to be slain. The theme, reiterated by a score of critics who had joined the bandwagon of mourners and nay-sayers, was that American civilization was filled with drabness and drouth, that it had yielded to the gods of power, that it had become the slave of the machine. This was a dying world, man's life was becoming "the rationale of the machine". But this work of destruction was all preliminary to a new birth. The original plan had never been abandoned. This was a house-cleaning, vermin-extermimating, ghost-slaying campaign so that the authentically Holy Ghost could arrive. The creative power of love would replace the negative cult of Power.

**T**HE second group of critics, less mystical and more consistent, not being seventh day adventists, went the whole hog. Instead of indulging in

toplofty indignation, they reasoned the matter out with remorseless logic. If the symptoms described were so, if this was truly the worst of all possible civilizations in the world, if our people were disintegrated and diseased, our culture barren, our gods fashioned of dollars and steel, then there was nothing left to do but "their quietus make with a bare bodkin". Not that they actually counselled suicide, but the doctrine they adopted was a form of spiritual suicide. They arrived at a nihilistic pessimism that put the heroics of a Waldo Frank to shame. This land of the West was doomed. Its citizens lacked the moral dignity and elevation that made for tragedy; the machine spelled the end of time. Science had destroyed religion and with it man's certitude, his confidence, his joy in being, his possibility of creative affirmation, of living within a prescribed and traditional framework of values. The modern temper, Joseph Wood Krutch announced, was forlorn and despairing, but the despair had in it a kind of desperate heroism. The cause of modern man was lost, there was nothing to do but wait for the grand debacle. In this sombre mood, a band of Spenglerian critics began their graveyard elegies over the corpse of American civilization. The horizon was dark and no dawn loomed, however faintly.

**T**HE third and concluding movement in this symphony of dissonance is now in the process of development. If the first was leavened with a great hope and the second marked with denunciation and philosophic despair, the third movement was arrogant, filled with abounding confidence, militant, polemical, and also millenarian. Its prophets were the bearded Karl Marx and Lenin, its Bible the Communist Manifesto and the first volume of "Capital", its source of authority and inspiration, Moscow. The movement was fundamentally one calling for the infusion of social consciousness and passion into literature. The writer must help to reshape the world with his work. He must, therefore, be politically and economically informed. He must not steer clear of propaganda; he must run to meet it. Literature is propaganda. The extreme feature of this movement was an urgent summons for the cultivation of what was known as proletarian literature.

The drum was sounded, the creed proclaimed. Many critics, formerly members of a different church, became converted to this clamorous sect. Though a small minority, the communist critics succeeded in calling attention to their beliefs and historical materialism became a dominant vogue. Joseph Wood Krutch has not been swept out of his orbit, but Waldo Frank has practically taken the vow. In a recent article, despite his many previous attacks on Marxist criticism, he concluded with an apocalyptic blast about building "a mass party of revolutionary communism, manned by labor and by the enlightened guards of petty bourgeoisie and intelligentsia" to destroy "the capitalist system before it has time to enter the last period of paroxysm, euphorie and catalepsy". From the stereotyped language of this statement, which is a favorable specimen of left-wing writing, it can be seen that the Marxist ideology has in many cases taken root. It has branched forth and produced a fairly numerous and vociferous progeny. The crusade is in full swing, the legions

of the disinherited, led "by the enlightened guards of petty bourgeoisie and intelligentsia" are marching on the stronghold of capitalism. The New Masses leads the attack, followed by a host of little radical magazines. How far this Messianic movement will go, when it will reach full tide and when ebb, it is difficult to predict. But that a new and more convincing evangel of criticism will soon make itself felt cannot be doubted. A new doctrine on

how to make America safe for culture will be proclaimed. Then it will be possible to look back on the contemporary phase and single out its absurd excess, the rant and rhetoric. Do not these movements seem to indicate that in every generation criticism is dominated by a characteristic complex, that when this compulsive has done its worst it gives way to a new shibboleth? What will the next few years bring forth?

## ON THE WAY TO ASIA

MARIUS BARBEAU

**T**HERE is something strangely un-American in the Northwest Coast. When I first travelled from Vancouver to Kitcheikan, some years ago, I felt that I had come nearer the tropics. Here was the jungle as described in the tales of Conrad. At other moments I had reminiscences of the Orient, of Asia. Fleecy clouds surrounded mountain peaks that were covered with snow, as they are depicted in Nippon water-colours. Just as the map showed it, we were coming nearer to Japan. The currents across the Pacific brought the balmy air from the South Seas, just as they at times drag uprooted trees for thousands of miles from Micronesia and beach them on our western shores.

As we landed at Alert Bay, the smell of the salt weeds pinched our nostrils. I could see the long kelp tubes floating in the water and "sea cucumbers" in the rock crevices. The boards we walked on were slippery with moisture; they rested on posts driven into the muskeg. Entering the Indian village I had the first direct contact with things I had read of in books or seen in pictures.

Indian women squatted on platforms in front of the village, facing the sea, their shawls drawn around their foreheads. They were sullen and motionless, like some stone idols before a Chinese temple. Behind them plank lodges stood in a row, and children peeped at us with bridled eyes, in the doorways. Tall carved pillars—totem poles—decorated the house fronts; their grotesque figures stared at us like ghosts from the nether world—the Thunder-bird, the Wolf, the Whale and angered Sea monsters.

**A** CHIEF approached from the other end of the village (I learned later that this had been arranged for our benefit), staff in hand, a woven root hat on his head, like that of Japanese fisherfolk, and wrapped in a goat wool blanket. His stockings were knit of thick wool with zig-zag designs of white, red and green. His stately demeanour was one never to forget. He was more impressive than a king on a throne. He did not look at us. We moved aside to let him pass. His features were massive, his complexion like reddish copper. There was something of the grizzly-bear in him—the grizzly-bear of his mountains which he must have hunted many times. Yet he was distinctly a Mon-

golian. He was thick and squat. I thought of Buddha, after he had gone—a Buddha that had journeyed all the way from Manchuria, across the Siberian wastes and the strait of Bering, then down the West Coast to the country of the American natives.

He was a Kwakiutl, a fisherman who used to hunt whales with his tribesmen and capture sea-lions in the old days. How different those people were from the Indians of the Prairies, the Blackfeet or the Sioux, whose type is more familiar to us! Whereas the prairie rovers coveted nothing but buffalo meat, the Kwakiutl depended on the sea for their subsistence; their food was salmon, seal blubber and candle-fish oil. They could not travel any distance without their one-piece canoes hollowed out from the trunks of huge cedars. I could see many of these dug-outs lying dry on the beach.

There was the same contrast in the features of the people. The face of the Alert Bay people was broad and square; their nose was flat and their jaw massive. They were short and broad in stature. Often they had bow legs, as if from their habit of squatting in canoes. Their physiognomy, quite different from that of the prairie nomads, was decidedly Mongolian. I could hear my fellow-visitors say, 'But these people are not American Indians—they are Asiatics.' More than ever it seemed that we had already gone over the border, from America into the realm of mystic Dragon, beyond the sea.

**I**NDIAN villages, those of the Tsimshian or the Tlingit, made their appearance, at long intervals, in the dark green drapery of the forests of cedar and hemlock. In their neighbourhood stood toy-like villages, consisting of diminutive houses. These were for the departed souls of the tribe—graveyards, no less, but in a style unfamiliar to us. The pointed or round roofs were Slavic in character. They suggested Asiatic proximity, or rather the Russian influence over that whole country. Russia for 150 years occupied the Alaskan coast, had fur trading posts, and left its mark among the natives both in their blood and handicrafts. Those little graveyards in some ways were more Slavic than they were Mongolian. Once more they evoked an exotic picture, that of the Orient with its curved domes and flamboyant architecture.

The Skeena River natives still retained some of their native culture, in spite of the invasion of the white people—the Canadian National Railways now cross their country. They clung to activities and pursuits of a former age. They cherished their trails—a missionary said to me, “You never know where to find them; they are always mushing somewhere.” They hunted on their forest preserves in the winter, and fished salmon in the summer, at fixed stations along the canyons. Or they camped in wild berry patches, on the mountain sides. Unlike other American natives, they were industrious and provident. They stored up food and, before they were demoralized, were ambitious for rank and wealth.

**M**OST of this country has now passed to the hands of the white man. Yet it retains deep traces of its earlier occupancy. Its scenic grandeur evokes reminiscences of Temlaham, a Paradise Lost of the Indian legend, where enchantment and plenty still linger for our benefit. Here the lofty Rocher-Deboule recalls the flood—another local tradition of Asiatic origin.

The river natives, so they still remember, experienced many tribulations in the past hundred years. Foreign tribes envied their bounteous preserves, raided them and left behind a trail of fire and blood. More frequently the invaders forced their way in and became part of the local stock.

That was an age of warfare, which ended only after the coming of the fur-trading companies of the Russians and the British. A few native fortresses are still to be seen along the rivers or at various points along the coast. They were called hippas by the early circumnavigators, because of their resemblance to those of the same name which they had seen in the South Seas.

The ruins of one of those fortresses lay scattered at Kitsalas, the canyon of the Skeena close to the railway line. The canyon tribes settled there when they were harried by invaders from the north. Salmon fishing was excellent there and resistance against the raiders easier. The fortress was occupied as late as sixty years ago, when most of the occupants decided to move down the river to Port Essington. The remains of large communal houses still litter the rocky outcrops. Totem poles, some of them standing, others fallen, seem like dethroned idols. They are the decaying symbols of their departed owners—the clans of the Eagle and the Beaver, of the Grizzly-Bear, the Fireweed and the Dog-salmon.

The feud between two high chiefs of the Tsimsyans were still the object of many tales. Both warlike, of the northern Eagle clans, they had subdued in turn the Skeena tribes of the Grizzly and the Killer-whale. But they were rivals, and tried to gain power over each other. Legyarh, the last to arrive, wanted the Eagle crown of Githawn, his cousin, the first occupant. This ambition led to quarrels and bloodshed, in which Legyarh finally was victorious. For he had great power and audacity. In the memory of his people, he has become a

legend. He was mighty enough, they believe, to leap from hill to mountain top. A chief of that name, who was the leader of the nation at the time when the Hudson's Bay Company established its post at Port Simpson, still had several hundred slaves. But his power was on the wane. He came near killing the first missionary, but he dared not. Later he became a Christian, and he died of small-pox.

**T**HE coming of the British stopped the flow of southward migrations on the Northwest Coast. This was the end of a process which had been at work for countless generations. Little bands of raiders migrated one at a time, from the frozen tundras of the Arctic Circle or the barren wastes of the interior of Alaska. The milder climate of the coast drew them like a magnet, also the abundance of sea foods. The earlier occupants could not well guard themselves or withstand their attacks. They had to give way, move farther south, or accept foreign domination. The last chapter of that long story was closed with the last Legyarh, in our times.

Whence did those northern bands come ultimately—is not difficult to tell. They had journeyed slowly, hunting caribou, from the tip of the Alaskan peninsula up the rivers to the Yukon, then southwards along the mountain ranges, and last of all down the rivers to the coast. There was only one step from Siberia to Alaska. Bering is forty miles wide. It freezes over in the winter. It was navigated in skin boats in the summer. A regular native trade route between Asia and America at that point is known to have existed since prehistoric times. It was also a highway for the migrations of the roving Siberian bands. Hence the Mongolian features of our Northwest Coast natives, their manual gifts for carving and their fondness for pictorial symbolism. They are Asiatics after all. Our first impressions upon sight of them were correct. Somehow we had overstepped the boundary and entered the domain where the Orient spreads its exoticism like a blanket of white mists in the morning sun.



# THE ECONOMICS OF MR. ABERHART

J. F. PARKINSON

**T**HIS is not intended to be a discussion of orthodox "social credit"; we are concerned here only with Mr. Aberhart's interpretation of "social credit". Not that one theory is any less fallacious, to my way of thinking, than the other. Mr. Aberhart, however, places his emphasis rather differently from Major Douglas, whom he has acknowledged as his ideological master. And anyway, Mr. Aberhart is now Premier of Alberta, and therefore has the task before him of putting theory to the practical test.

Generally speaking, this brand of social credit, like the other, is put forward as a "scientific" economic plan for restoring and maintaining "prosperity." Its basic premise, according to Mr. Aberhart, is to recognize "the duty of the State through its Government to organize its economic structure in such a way that no bona fide citizen, man, woman, or child, shall be allowed to suffer for lack of the bare necessities of food, clothing and shelter, in the midst of plenty or abundance." It is expected that the provision of a "basic dividend" of \$25 a month to every bona fide citizen—with smaller dividends for younger people—will, under the terms of the plan, fulfil this promise. "Social credit" promises much more than that, of course, but it is the manner in which he proposes to finance this scheme which raises most of the scepticism which exists in the minds of its critics.

Before examining the specific proposals, it would be as well to appreciate the ideas held by Mr. Aberhart with regard to the causes of our present discontents. One would expect to find in his speeches and writings some echo of the Douglas theory to the effect that the bankers caused the depression by contracting credit. Actually, there is no mention of this in Mr. Aberhart's manual and very little, if any, in his speeches, so far as I know. First amongst the "three great poisons at the root of our troubles," he says, is the fact that "there is a lack of purchasing power in the hands of the consumer," but he goes on to explain this deficiency,—not in terms of the "A plus B Theorem" so dear to orthodox social credit circles, nor in terms of the havoc wrought by saving (the second of Major Douglas' theories)—but simply as the result of the introduction of machinery. "If one man does the work of three men for the same pay, then the two men displaced will have no purchasing power. . . . As the people have no purchasing power, they cannot get the goods piled high in factories and warehouses. Thus there is no need to produce more and the great factories become silent and there is much less purchasing power. So the disease becomes very bad, for we have fallen into the vicious circle."

While this quotation does not actually say that machinery causes unemployment and depression, it is the closest approximation to a straight-forward analysis that can be found in the Manual,—and the inference is unmistakable. And as a diagnosis of

the disease it is hopelessly incorrect. It is not true that the two men out of three (or the 19 out of 20) displaced by machines will have no purchasing power. Some of them will get jobs making the machines, or servicing them, or producing the raw materials that go into them, and so forth. The friction of the economic system does, of course, create some technological unemployment, but this cannot be held responsible for the jump in the unemployment figures from 90,000 in 1929 to 900,000 by 1933. If the introduction of new machinery reduces purchasing power and employment the last century would have been one continuous depression. Incidentally there is no mention in the Manual that there has been a world economic crisis, and, of course, no suggestion that the decline in the export trade might have had something to do with the events of the last five years in Canada.

The second great poison is that "the price spread (commission?) has shown by investigation that wild-cat profiteering is going on. This intensifies the trouble by making the purchasing power less efficient. The dollar will not secure as much goods as it formerly did." No one will quarrel with the first part of this statement, except to say that capitalism must draw its motive power from the making of profits. If we examine the cause of the unusually high profits earned by certain Canadian corporations, we find, however, that they are the result of partial or complete monopolistic advantages which they possess in dealing with primary producers, or consumers, or both. We shall also find—as the Price Spreads Report indicates, that the profits of such undertakings went to pay the interest charges on a heavily inflated capital structure and to increase the salaries of a handful of executives. These circumstances are only mentioned here to show the inadequacy of social credit. The intelligent attitude to the existence of monopolies is to argue for their socialization. Short of that the monopolist will continue to earn profits on capital which he did not contribute—often at the cost of output restriction.

**W**HAT does Mr. Aberhart propose to do about these excessive price spreads? A careful reading of the Manual discloses the fact that he hopes to use them as a source for the levy necessary to pay the "basic dividend"—and to reduce them—at one and the same time. Just where the initial monthly payment of 10 million dollars is to come from is, apparently, uncertain as yet. Subsequent dividends, however, are to come from the purchasing which is "recovered" from the "cycle of credit" by a device which "must not be a gigantic scheme of taxation." Thus, second in importance only to the basic dividend in the scheme is "an automatic price control system to fix a Just Price at which goods and services will be available", and to provide for the collection of levies. In amplification of this the Manual relates: "It is the intention . . . to reduce

this spread, increasing the producer's cost so that he may have a fair turn-over if it is not at present adequate, or reducing it if it is too high. The same procedure will be followed all the way through in marketing and processing of the goods. On account of the increased turn-over that will be produced by the augmented purchasing power through dividends, salaries, commissions and so forth, it is felt that the producer and distributor will be able to carry on their business with a closer margin of profit or commission on turn-over. Thus the province will be able to collect a levy that will provide the basic dividends."

Mr. Aberhart uses as an illustration the case of a bushel of wheat (costing 60 cents) which, when processed into fifty loaves, sells for \$3.50. He anticipates that a small levy at each stage of the processing of wheat might net the Government of Alberta 65 cents. And similarly with other goods processed or marketed in the province.

A little simple arithmetic will reveal how far this will fall short of the objective. The levy must be placed upon goods manufactured or processed in Alberta,—not upon raw materials exported to other provinces or abroad. The illustration of the case of wheat was a most unfortunate one, and should have warned Mr. Aberhart. Most of Alberta's wheat is not processed into bread in Alberta. The gross value of all the products of industry in Alberta in 1932 was roughly 55 million dollars. Assuming that the levy can be extracted from the "price spreads" involved, on a scale similar to that used in Mr. Aberhart's illustration from the case of bread, the levy might realize 20 per cent. of this (e.g. 65 cents on \$3.50) or a little over 10 million dollars in 1931. But the "basic dividends" promised will amount to perhaps 120 millions in the year. It therefore follows that this promise cannot be fulfilled unless the volume of manufactures and processing in Alberta is increased roughly twelve fold, which is hardly to be expected under the most ideal economic system.

**T**HE reason for the failure of social creditors to appreciate the problem lies in their inability to picture to themselves the structure of the economy which lies beneath the monetary or bookkeeping surface. Having discovered that it might be possible to extract 10 million dollars by a levy on processing, Mr. Aberhart begins to play with the idea of the velocity of circulation of money.

"I am told on good authority that the town of Vermilion did \$8,000 worth of business with \$1,000 of post-dated cheques in four months. That is a circulation of twice a month. If the circulation in the Province was only once a month, we would have to recover ten million dollars only to carry on the full issuance of the basic dividends as long as they remain at \$25 a month. Four hundred thousand people at \$25 a month would amount to 120 million dollars a year. If the cycle was once a month, ten million dollars worth of credit would handle it all."

The point is, however, that the levy has to be extracted from the producers of goods, to the tune of 120 million dollars over a twelve-month period.

It is going to be rather difficult to do it so long as the value of the output of Alberta industry remains at or around 60 million dollars, most of which at present, no doubt, represents a less than normal return to the labour—and, indeed, to the capital—involved in production. It must be possible to collect enough to pay the basic dividends, without endangering the profits which capitalism needs, if manufacturing in Alberta produced 600 million dollars of output per annum. But in that case we could find half a dozen more equitable methods of taxation than a sales tax.

The second of Mr. Aberhart's proposals has much in common with the ideas of Mr. Stevens. He says that "an automatic price control system will be introduced to fix a just price at which goods and services will be available. This price must give the producer, importer, or distributor a fair commission on turn-over, and at the same time must not exploit the purchasing power of the consumer.

**N**OW it has already been noted that this would mean the guaranteeing of profits, including those of monopolists who incur no danger from competition. In this latter case, which covers many branches of Canadian industry, there is no reason why any private interest should be allowed to profit at all. But the whole idea of the just price is unworkable under capitalism. In the first place prices, in a competitive privately operated economy have to be free and flexible. It is the business of price changes to adjust supply to demand, and demand to supply. When society demands more beef and less wheat it is necessary that the price of beef should rise and that of wheat should fall in order that the extra profits of cattle producers will cause more meat to be produced, and in order that the losses on wheat shall cause less land to be sown, to wheat.

Under socialist planning these decisions can be made and enforced by planning authorities. But there is no place for socialist planning under social credit. Mr. Aberhart wants a continuation of private enterprises combined with a fixing of "just prices." Unfortunately he cannot both have his cake and eat it. Either prices must be left free (and often "unjust") and uncontrolled, or production and consumption of all kinds of goods must be carried out by a system of economic planning, which is only possible where society owns the main instruments of production. The fixing of prices in a capitalist society will only increase the existing waste and dislocation.

What is likely to happen, if a scheme of "just prices" is attempted, is that it will, in practice, be confined to those industries which possess relatively stable markets by virtue of their protected, sheltered position, and which, at the same time, are able to limit their output sufficiently to maintain the "just price." This, of course, excludes all exporting industries—the prices of whose goods are established in external markets. It includes all those monopolistic industries whose price-fixing policies have been the object of investigation by the Price Spreads Committee. Indeed, it can be said that the whole philosophy of the output restriction schemes

of the American New Deal (and the same idea is contained in embryonic form in the Dominion Agricultural Marketing Act) may be characterized as an attempt to establish "just prices" within the framework of private capitalism. That way inevitably lies economic suicide.

The third, and last defect in our system according to social credit, is that "the investment of surplus funds leaves the realm of commerce, where huge profits are the aim, and enters the realm of bond investments where interest is the main consideration. Thus the flow of credit is retarded so that the rate of interest may be maintained." This statement is so abrupt and ambiguous as to defy understanding. Mr. Aberhart would seem to prefer money to be invested in common stocks so that "huge profits are the aim" rather than in bonds, where a well-maintained rate of interest is the main consideration. To the socialist way of thinking the distinction is altogether too subtle. Socialists are concerned ultimately to abolish the right of anyone to live upon the income from capital—whether it take the form of bond interest or stock dividends.

It is, in any case, erroneous to contend that the flow of credit is retarded when purchasing power is diverted from one form of investment to another. Mr. Aberhart's diagnosis, therefore, is somewhat weak. But this does not matter. His remedial medicine bears very little relation to the specific disease. He proposes to arrange for "a more continuous flow of credit." People, he says, must spend their basic dividends and other incomes by the end of the year following the receipt of the same, or invest them in government bonds. There should, of course, be no difficulty in this regard. Most Canadians manage to spend their incomes before the end of the week in which they were received. That is their tragedy. But the next proposal for ensuring a continuous flow of credit is more unique. "All producers will be allowed temporary supervised credit to enable them to serve the citizenship in the best possible way . . . In order that credit may be adequate to provide and distribute goods, the state must be prepared to issue credit without interest to bona fide producers and distributors. This will prevent hoarding for the sake of making high interest."

Now no one denies, of course, that purchasing power can be created out of something as unsubstantial, physically, as pen and paper. The banks, as social creditors and socialists agree, do this already. But does the act of credit alone set the wheels of industry turning? Or is it not more sensible to suggest that a preliminary organization of industry is necessary before goods can be produced? Under capitalism that organization of industry is carried on by capitalists whenever prices, costs, wages, etc., are so arranged in relation to each other that profits result from production. The granting of credit is a relatively minor element in the problem.

You cannot cause industry to turn out and distribute more goods and services by granting it more purchasing power if the organization is faulty—and capitalistic organization is inherently faulty. What

social creditors have in mind, of course, is that at certain phases of a depression a little inflation does the system good—temporarily. It alters the relationship between prices and costs (wages, etc.) so that profits begin to be made,—and capitalism works well when profits are being reaped, particularly when they are harvested in places where they were not sown.

Unfortunately that situation never lasts very long. The tendency to continue with such pleasant medicine unbalances the stability of the economic system—in a variety of ways and depression ensues. Dr. Dafoe discovered that a drop or two of brandy had a stimulating effect upon the Dionne quintuplets at a time when stimulation was badly needed. This experience in no way convinced him, however, that a continued diet of alcoholic liquors would be good for the babies. Social creditors have still to develop the same sense of discrimination in economic analysis.

In every one of the credit proposals of social credit—divorced as they are from any plans for increasing the physical production of goods—there is this reliance on the belief that credit expansion will be absorbed by a greater production or a greater turnover of goods. There is nothing in history to confirm the view that this can happen. Beyond that point which is very soon reached credit creation takes its effect by raising prices. This creates profits, because wages and other costs of production lag behind. But simultaneously with this illusion of prosperity there develops a shrinkage in the relative purchasing power of the wage and salaried workers and a series of other distortions in the economy which produce depression.

Whatever the volume of purchasing power under social credit, it will still gravitate to those who own the instruments of production. It is still possible, under the social credit system, for it to be used on wasteful anti-social enterprises. To do anything constructive with the "social credit" of Canada would require much more fundamental economic changes than Mr. Aberhart is able—or willing—to envisage.



# ITALIAN ART IN PARIS

FELIX WALTER

**T**HE doors of the Petit Palais in Paris have recently closed on one of the most comprehensive exhibitions of national art ever to be held. Public interest was as extraordinary as the exhibition. In the months of May, June and July it is estimated that two million people passed through the turnstiles; on the last day alone there were twenty-five thousand. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that on the Continent this summer only the International Exhibition at Brussels could be counted as a serious counter attraction to the display of Italian pictures and sculpture from Cimabue to Tiepolo. And who, having once experienced the dreary mercantilism of Wembley or of the Paris Colonial Exhibition, would want to drag himself through the thousand-ring circus of Brussels?

Cimabue to Tiepolo: five centuries of the most dazzling and exhilarating wood and stone and bronze and painted canvas our civilization can boast. And what blood and sweat—especially what gallons and gallons of the latter—must not the average art-thirsty Canadian expend if on a summer holiday he tries to see one quarter of these treasures in the country that produced them. Rome or Naples under a July sun; August in Florence with dusty feet dragging from the Uffizzi to the Pitti, from the Pitti to the Museo; the search in Padua for the sacristan to see a Giotto crucifix in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Arena; a dozen grimy martyrdoms in a dozen crowded trains to Venice or Pistoia to Sienna or Turin. Twenty-three Italian towns were sacked to make a Paris holiday.

**E**VEN then our perspiring Canadian would have to scour two continents if he wished to see the equivalent of the Paris Exhibition. Some of the best Leonardos are in the Hermitage in Leningrad; the Italian art treasures permanently in France alone, are to be found not only in the Louvre but scattered in thirteen different provincial galleries; to see the five best canvasses of that rare painter of the quattrocento, Antonello of Messina, he would have, under ordinary circumstances to visit the Louvre, the Borghese Gallery in Rome, the museums of Antwerp and Palermo and obtain admission to the private collection of Prince Trivulzio. But not in the summer of 1935; they all hung in the Petit Palais. Europe and America were ransacked and only the German galleries refrained for political reasons from giving their quota to the Franco-Italian fete.

This was, of course, not the first time that samples of the Italian treasure-trove have crossed the Alps by special permission. The exhibition in London in 1930 really created the precedent, but it was only a dress rehearsal for this year's grandiose spectacle. The story of how it all came about is an interesting one.

**RAYMOND ESCHOLIER** has something of an international reputation as a novelist. Few other

than professional art critics think of him as the curator of the Petit Palais, yet he has been in the service of that institution for thirty years, throughout his entire career as a civil servant. Italian art has been his life's passion. With a keen sense of political realities he was quick to use the Franco-Italian rapprochement as a lever and to obtain the consent of the Italian cultural authorities to this gigantic exodus.

Not the least of M. Escholier's problems was the adequate protection of the treasures on loan. The Italian Government expressed some apprehension that political refugees might damage the pictures as a gesture of protest. It was an ungenerous estimate of the spirit of the Italian exiles. The real danger came from the chance lunatic with a pen-knife looking for a little free advertising. To guard against this elusive peril the most extraordinary precautions were taken. A railing was built around the entire Petit Palais and within this railing gardes mobiles with steel helmets and fixed bayonets and placed every ten paces, kept up a twenty-four hours' watch. Flood-lighting was installed as well, while at the entrance and within the gallery fifteen hundred policemen watched the crowd. This admirable caution had its disadvantages. The visitor who slipped in at ten in the morning, thinking to have the place to himself, found himself threading his way through throngs of beefy gentlemen with thick-soled boots. It was sometimes difficult to see the pictures for the plainclothesmen.

**I**T is still too early to attempt an estimate of the effect of this exhibition on French art itself. But any national art, however vital, is always the better for a generous blood transfusion. It has helped and it will help French artists to think out their own special problems afresh in terms of the panorama of five centuries they have been privileged to examine; to see Poussin afresh through Rafael, Delacroix through Tiepolo, Daumier through Magnasco; to put a famous nude by Manet side by side with Titian's Venus of Urbino. The critics have been able to recapture something of Taine's enthusiasm for the Preraphaelites, of Stendhal's for the Bolognese. The painters going further could reinforce, if need be, their own prejudices. Indeed, it has been interesting in the French press to watch the conservatives seize on Michael Angelo and Raphael and Giorgione and wave the whole Renaissance with its clarity and purity of form under the noses of the moderns. The latter, of course, pointed to the Primitives and the quattrocento as a justification of their principles, for it is all there: distortion, abstract geometrical design and even, in the case, say, of Paolo Uccello's series on the Profanation of the Sacrament, the half-comprehensible audacities of surrealist art.

**M**OST of the two million visitors were probably little troubled by these sectarian disputes;

their tastes were more catholic. They could build up a store of aesthetic pleasures as they passed from Botticelli's Birth of Venus to Raphael's Marriage of the Virgin, from Ussello's cavalry battles to Guido Reni's Atalanta and Hippomene. There were the portraits too: among a score that stood out, Bordoni's Lovers of Venice, Ghirlandajo's Old Man with Warts and a Boy, Reni's Portrait of his Mother—so much more substantial this than Whistler's sentimental caricature. And the sculpture. . . Because of its bulk it could not be fairly represented, but what there was of it was excellent; on entering, some exquisite bits of Donatello and Verrocchio, Della Robbia's Choir Boys from the Duomo in Flor-

ence; on leaving, besides some Michael Angelo, Cellini's supremely beautiful bas-relief of Perseus delivering Andromeda. A last look at the door: the Melpomene from the Louvre to give Roman weight and majesty to the whole, the Wolf of Tiber suckling her human cubs,—a gift to Paris which the city fathers, unlike their naively prudish Toronto colleagues of the Centennial Council, mean to set up permanently in a place of honour—; a Caesar, an Augustus and an indifferent bust of Mussolini,—the last a gesture of courtesy probably, but a discordant one,—the only lapse in an otherwise great and luminous event.

### NATIONALE

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said  
This is my own my native land?"—Scott.

Not guilty, Sir Walter!  
These things I'll show you are my country's.  
See! The silver fish in the pink-papered cans  
Came all the way from British Columbia,  
And are strictly guaranteed.  
This bread is from the native wheat.  
It grows out west in a big pool, you know,  
And is said to make a fine burnt offering.  
. . . That picture on the wall?  
A Lawren Harris tree.  
No, no I don't think the Indians scalped it—  
Essence bitten off in frost, I'd say.  
. . . No?  
Well, it's Canadian!  
He went after it with a pack on his back and wearing  
his high boots.  
. . . Oh somewhere in the great Ontario desert.  
. . . No one lives there, no.  
  
On my right is Massey Hall.  
MacMillan cast off his baton and his first name  
the other day,  
Just like Stokowski.  
You should go sometime,  
And see the latest Paris fashions  
From Fifth Avenue,  
And hear the music.

. . . Quebec?  
I don't know French, Sir Walter, and I have no  
money on St. James Street.

But their beer is very good.  
You can get it over here in the beverage room.  
. . . Beverage room?  
Oh the name's to scare away the devil, I believe.

. . . No, I'm from New Brunswick.  
There's a sea, too, and docks lying idle, and men  
hanging about the lean grain-shafts!  
In King Square they will be sleeping on newspapers  
until the snow comes.

King Square . . . Queen's Park . . .  
Central Park . . .  
Hyde Park!

Until the snow comes  
Where is your difference  
And where is your singleness  
"O Canada"  
Until the snow comes?

But look, Sir Walter. Do you see that line three  
thousand miles  
Without a soldier on it?  
. . . No?  
Well, never mind. Let us sit and watch the Fords  
go by.

—MALCOLM MacKENZIE ROSS

### PROPHECY

When the white thongs of snow shall lash life to the  
winds of the world  
And the strokes of the storm shall awaken the drum  
of the sea,  
Then the north sky shall flame with the banner of  
Heaven unfurled  
And the night shall be cleft with the sword of a  
wonder to be.  
  
Making daggers of dreams we shall seek the wild  
way to be won,  
Through the desert of doubt and the black swamp of  
things as they are,  
To the mountain of God where the clamoring all are  
as none  
And the fierce light of hell is made dim by the glow  
of a star.

—GILEAN DOUGLAS

### HIPPOPOTAMUS

God made me on a morning when he'd nothing else  
to do;  
He'd rounded out the buffalo and finished off the  
gnu.  
His hand had fashioned cunningly the feather and  
the fang;  
Then he had a funny dream and out of that I sprang.  
  
The lion lost his gravity as up the stream I came.  
The monkey to the crocodile:—"Give this thing a  
name."  
I knew that in a solemn world I would be good for  
men,  
Who every time they looked at me must laugh and  
laugh again.

—C. F. LLOYD.

# BOOKS



HUGH WALPOLE

THE INQUISITOR: Doubleday, Doran; \$3.00.

**M**R. WALPOLE has always been a difficult subject for any reviewer; adverse criticism of his work has no effect on his admirers, and it merely confirms the opinions already reached by the infidel. The reaction to his writings is as cut and dried as that. It is too bad, because his major works are usually a rich harvest for the critic; but it seems futile to reap it when nothing can be said that will crack the stoical facade of those who like him, or moderate the views of those who don't.

However. . . . The Inquisitor is the fourth volume of the Polchester series and within its four hundred odd pages is packed the anticipated surfeit of colour, character and incident. The Cathedral, The Old Ladies and Harner John took care of the ecclesiastical, the genteel and the slum elements and now with this last book we have the middle class, the burghers, of the town. But these bourgeois of course, although they do very well with a money-lender, his brother who turns to murder, and a contrary sculptor, are essentially dull so Mr. Walpole has had to round out his novel with communistic high-jinks from his slums and some mystical and allegorical nonsense from the Cathedral precincts. The plot centres about a pageant that is to relate some of the early history of the cathedral. This pageant, it is supposed, offends the spirits who dwell in the chancels and crypts and they do their best to turn it into a fiasco by stirring up, in a sinister and ghostly fashion, all the subversive elements of the town. This provides counter and parallel plots by the score. The pageant is well handled although reminiscent of Powys' Glastonbury Romance and the eerie pall that hangs over the events that precede it, is a good example of the author's undeniable skill in creating this sort of atmosphere. In treatment and style the book might be no more than a year away from its predecessors but in its material it shows that Mr. Walpole can march with the times. There is a bit of nasty perversion, sex rears its ugly head and rumours of Marx and Lenin and, most certainly, Emma Goldman, have reached the lower classes.

Despite the unreality of the story and the incapable fact that Mr. Walpole tries too hard for his effects, The Inquisitor is both entertaining and readable and it is a pity that it can make no lasting impression either upon the individual reader or upon contemporary literature in general.

**T**HE four books mentioned above make up Walpole's portrait of a provincial town; The Duchess Of Wrexhe, The Young Enchanted, Wintersmoon, and Captain Nicholas, the portrait of London; and the Herries series, the country. These twelve novels the author refers to as "a sort of Balzacian group." He makes an attempt to forestall criticism on this

point by hinting that things didn't turn out exactly as he expected but the impression remains that he would like to think of himself as the Balzac of contemporary England. It is not necessary to detract from the prestige of his reputation by pointing out the absurdity of this. Like Toddy in Helen's Babies, Walpole always wants to see the wheels go 'round. But he has never found out why they do go 'round. So, although he can describe the most minute detail of behaviour, he cannot explain the forces behind it and in consequence he substitutes for explanation a great deal of spiritualistic hocus-pocus. Had Walpole submerged this abortive curiosity of his and employed a purely subjective treatment he might have made a valuable contribution to social history, for his knowledge of and experience with the people and places he describes is thorough and accurate. As it is, what might have been a clear and informative picture is blurred and confused by the introduction of Calibans and Ariels into the landscape. The only relation to Balzac is the system of grouping the novels and this scarcely justifies the use of the adjective.

In other less important works Walpole's preoccupation with the occult has been turned to good advantage. Portrait Of A Man with Red Hair, and Above The Dark Tumult are amusing tours de force. When he sits down to write a tale with no pretense to reality, and flavours it with necromancy and a fine vocabulary of dark, ominous words he usually turns out a good job. True, he has written no Fall Of The House Of Usher, but there is no proof that he couldn't. The books about children, such as the Jeremy books, are another example of what Walpole can do when he isn't self-conscious. These are charming studies of boyhood; they don't go very deeply into the subject but Walpole shows that he can be a shrewd and happy observer. However, again, as in his fantasies, he stops just short of real excellence. It is obvious that he considers this type of writing spare time work and refuses to put into it the craft and thoughtfulness that in one direction might have made him a minor Edgar Allen Poe and in another, a Kenneth Grahame. This is hypothesis of course and possibly quite unwarranted.

**I**T is an unpleasant task to attack an author's literary integrity but many times in his more consequential writings Walpole lays himself open to such attacks. His best novels are The Duchess of Wrexhe, The Cathedral and Rogue Herries. Now, each of these three novels is the first in one of the three sections into which he divides his Balzacian group. So it could be supposed that he threw himself into their preparation with all the enthusiasm, the freshness, the talent he could muster. And this is where their merit lies. But when it came to writing their sequels he found he had created a tradition which his public insisted he maintain and rather than dis-

appoint them he forced into the subsequent novels all the elements that had made the first ones popular. Since his readers expected colour and action he would not concern himself with the slow and pastel movements which intellectual honesty would demand in a work of such ambitious and serious scope. Nor would he affront them with any embarrassing social or political conclusions that he must have drawn in the course of so much observation. What chance Walpole had of finding himself in the company of Galsworthy, Hardy and Moore has been lost in his fear of disappointing and thus losing his public. It does not seem to have occurred to him that in losing these readers he would have gained a more appreciative and sincere, if smaller, audience.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

#### MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES,

by Stefan Zweig; Macmillan, \$3.75.

**M**ARY perhaps, of all the instruments of history, has had the most emotional treatment at the hands of the biographers. For in spite of her essential simplicity as a woman, her career was one of the greatest complexity and one in which surmise is of equal importance with documentary evidence. An approach to her as an individual must necessarily be coloured by a personal determination as to whether her pride and her passions, the deciding factors of her unhappy reign, were frailties or positive moral deficiencies.

Stefan Zweig proposes his conclusions clearly and readably. He does not stint in his quotations from the available papers and he has made handsome use of material uncovered since Mary was last in the hands of the historians. He strives to treat all this evidence objectively and indeed he makes a point of stressing the cons; but nevertheless, before he is midway in her career, he becomes as enamoured of her as the rest have done and with the Casket Letters, the issue which once solved will prove her culpability or innocence, he is mired in sentiment.

A popular biographer, a biographer who depends upon the general public for his sales and not upon the market for textbooks, can not go far beneath the surface and retain the interest of his readers. The questions involved need too much detailed and technical dissection to make good reading. The treatment of Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles is bound to appear superficial to the student. There was more to the conflict between Mary and Elizabeth than the antipathy they shared; there was more to Mary's ill-considered marriage to Bothwell than her personal feeling towards him; on the whole there is a great deal more to Mary Queen of Scots than Stefan Zweig thinks would interest his audience. It is to be hoped that this school of biography, of which Lytton Strachey was the dean and which is characterized by fluency and a genuine instinct for selecting highlights, will educate the reading public to the point where they will be amenable to non-fiction of an accurate, thorough and scholarly quality.—E.G.

A KEY TO THE ART OF MUSIC, Frank Howes; Blackie & Sons, \$1.65.

**O**NE of the most deplorable educational phases of recent years is the cultural short-cut. All sorts of highly specialized subjects are being poured into mortars, compressed into sugarcoated pills and administered to a naive and trusting public. Science, philosophy and the arts have been debauched and devitalized so that everyone, irrespective of their knowledge of the alphabet or the integers may refer glibly to Cro-magnon, Spengler, Kubla Khan, evolution, paranoia, Vega and the fourth dimension. The purpose is laudable enough but the method has, in most cases, divested the subject of all dignity and insulted the intelligence of that important reader "the man on the street."

But Mr. Howes' essay in this direction, despite the banality of the title, does not fall into this category. This young critic has supplied an explanation of the fundamentals of music and musical criticism that fulfills its purpose admirably: that is, to supply the technical and historical background necessary to the amateur who wishes to appreciate music intelligently as well as emotionally. If some of the explanatory devices savour of the kindergarten, they are accurate and informative nevertheless. Where the author philosophizes he is original and amusing. —E.G.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHEKA, by John deN. Kennedy. Macaulay, pp. 320; \$2.00.

**T**HE author of this high-spirited thriller seems to have made a bet with himself that he would leave out none of the incidents one might reasonably expect to find in a thriller. The resultant book, if at times a little over-stuffed, does not lack action. The hero is not tied to a railway track, nor to the carriage of a sawmill; but there are shots, bludgeons, cellars, sinister signal whistles, and not merely one, but two Chinese tortures, of a classic simplicity.

Those obliging and hardy perennials, the Roman-off rubies, are stolen for the fiftieth time, after a rather slow beginning and the usual chase begins, one man pitting his wits against the endless resources of an organization that includes, one gathers, about one-tenth of the population of the habitable globe, and has a marvellous intelligence service. It is a time-honoured formula, but it would be hard to find a better one, and Mr. Kennedy has made good use of it. There is little attempt at fine writing, and except for one rather out-of-key attempt at blood-curdling near the first of the book, the pace is well sustained, and little hampered by irrelevant psychological or descriptive elaboration. The hero's luck is a plausible mixture of good and bad, and he displays a very neat ingenuity in his handling of the jewelry. It is true that he does, on one occasion, sit down among his enemies with his back to an open window; but none of us is always at his best.

The Chicago part of the book is distinctly the best; and now that Mr. Kennedy has his hero nicely settled in Chicago, where there is always something doing, in possession of a fair competence, and with connections among the police and the underworld, it will be a pity if he dooms him to a quiet life.

—L. A. MacKAY.

EUROPA, by Robert Briffault; Macmillan, \$3.00.

UPON first acquaintance with Europa it seems a book of extraordinary interest and importance but upon analyzing it, although it remains of extraordinary interest its significance fades. It contains possibly the most gossip to have been put on paper since Madame de Sevigné laid down her quill; but little else. We do not need Mr. Briffault to tell us that the European tradition was on a decline that would strike bottom with the World War; the thrones and national traditions that topped with it speak for themselves. We know the economic and political explanations of the debacle by heart now but where Mr. Briffault might have been of assistance, brought his unquestioned scientific learning into use and made his thesis a corollary to that of the economist and the historian, he remains strangely voiceless.

Europa, then, is a series of incidents, some amusing, some macabre and some genuinely appalling, and almost all based on actual occurrences, involving the great names of prewar Europe, few of whom are disguised. The only attempt at cohesion has been to create as a pivot character, the weak but articulate and sensitive Julian Bern, around whom march crowned and coroneted heads, charlatans and dreamers in mad and purposeless haste. They get nowhere and neither does Mr. Briffault.

As might be expected where an anthropologist turns novelist for the first time, the style is uneven and the exposition confusing. The English used is over-elaborate and at times so romantic as to jar with the gross reality of a scene he is describing. With a skilled satirist this might have been a literary device of some originality but it is clear that Mr. Briffault is unconscious of the Victorian cast to his language.

Europa is sure to have a splendid sale for we all like to hear how our betters misbehave and if the book serves any purpose it is as an indictment of a particular social order that, after all, was to prove impotent and rather ridiculous in the face of a real crisis.—E.G.

THE ABYSSINIAN DISPUTE, by F. White. Publishers: League of Nations Union, London, England. Agents: League of Nations Society (Toronto Branch). Price 25 cents.

FOR anyone who wishes to be well informed on the present Italo-Ethiopian difficulties this pamphlet presents an excellent survey of recent developments and past history. Not only are the recent proceedings at Geneva recorded, but the early treaties from that of Ucciali in 1889 are set down and examined. The appearance of such phrases as "exclusive economic influence" and "economic concessions" in these treaties show the problem in its true light. This interest in railways and resources makes clear that Ethiopia has been, and still is, an important African pawn in the great game of imperialist chess being played by the European powers. From the evidence quoted of the recent negotiations at Geneva the reader is hard put to believe that the League members are entirely disinterested when they seek the salvation of Ethiopia from Italian aggression.

The larger question of white colonization and exploitation of Africa receives attention. The evidence suggests that European powers with "the inveterate habit of eating up African nations" may do well to mend their ways. The thoughtful reader will be impressed by a statement of Haile Selassie in a letter to the League on June 9, 1926: "The people of Abyssinia are anxious to do right, and we have every intention of guiding them along the path of improvement and progress; but throughout their history they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire to possess themselves of Abyssinian territory and to destroy their independence."

—JEANNETTE JOHNSON.

EUROPE'S CRISIS, by Andre Siegfried; Translated by H. H. and D. Hemming; London, Jonathan Cape; pp. 128; \$1.50.

THE crisis dealt with here is not simply Europe's share of the world economic debacle, but a decline in relative world importance and power. Europe has been accustomed to world leadership, and has built up a system of complementary trade in which England, France and Germany exchanged capital goods, technical skill and administrative ability for raw materials and foodstuffs. There has appeared an industrial apparatus and a population depending upon this system, and now the rest of the world is refusing the complementary role which was forced upon it. The rise of the United States means an actual competitor for world dominance. It is the American type of goods which the other countries are now preferring, and there is even a perceptible veering towards a new political centre of gravity. The ultimate menace is the freedom of Asia. As the coloured peoples master the utilization of their own raw materials the European industrial structure is left stranded.

Such is the argument. But the author's conclusions raise suggestions which he seems unprepared to acknowledge. He contests the theory that Europe should enter into a competition for the production of shoddy, for he sees that comparative living standards must give victory to the Asiatics in any such down-hill race. He argues to the contrary, that European invention and workmanship should strive to keep its lead by carrying production to higher levels. But he also envisages a greater proportion of invisible exports, and thinks that this involves a decrease in living standards and population.

Perhaps the author is being true to his reading of history in ignoring the possibility of social reorganization, but such an interpretation leaves out the industrial equipment which exists today. That equipment is already out of harmony with its financial management. Must invention and workmanship always be subservient to investment. May they not assert a new right and authority born of new conditions? That hope may yet be transferred to the newer continent, for however it may be eventually understood, it is America which has invented the term technocracy.

—G. McL.

## THE NEW GROUP

### Frank H. Underhill

was a lieutenant in the Hertfordshire Regiment, wrote a history of the C.E.F. in France; he is known to Forum readers as F.H.U.

### Eleanor Godfrey

writes book reviews and general criticisms. Is a literary jack-of-all trades.

### Graham Spry

is national secretary of the L.S.R. and a C.C.F. candidate.

### Margaret Sedgewick

is an archaeologist, and a student of Plato.

### Morden Lazarus

left chemistry for journalism.

### Donald Buchanan

was the Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto Saturday Night.

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is a classicist with political weaknesses.

### G. M. A. Grube

is the author of a study of Plato.

### E. A. Forsey

is the author of a study of the Nova Scotia iron and coal industries.

### F. R. Scott

is a constitutional lawyer and a poet.

### N. A. M. Mackenzie

is an authority on international law.

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is a poet.

### G. R. McCall

gave up golf for business and business for medicine.

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